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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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JULY, 1826.  
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**CARL MARIA VON WEBER.**

MUSIC, beyond any other art or science, seems to be the result of intuitive taste and feeling. Some persons are born with a peculiar sensibility to the harmony of sounds, while others are destitute almost of the power of distinguishing the relations between them. Music is the universal language of nature; and man, whether in a savage or a civilized state, seeks for gratification from the charms of this divine art; which becomes generally interesting, because it appeals directly to the senses and imagination. The effect of musical composition is not always limited to its influence on the ear, for its loftier strains extend their magic energy over the mind, exciting its creative powers, by the aid of the association of ideas. The mysterious charm by which this is effected, is termed expression, the noblest and most sublime attribute of composition.

These reflections have been suggested by the works of the subject of this memoir, whose distinguishing excellence lay in the expressive force of his harmonious combinations. His music was peculiarly his own, marked with all the energy of original genius. Of the man who was capable of such productions, it must be interesting to trace the history, and survey the progress of his professional career.

Charles, or Carl Maria von Weber, was the younger brother of Edmund von Weber, director of the music at the court theatre of Salzburg; and was born in 1786, at Eutin, a small town in the duchy of Holstein. His father bestowed on him a liberal education, and encouraged the early taste which he displayed for the fine arts, especially painting and music. The first systematical instruction which he received on the piano-forte, (the instrument on which he chiefly excelled as a player,) was

was from Henschkel, at Hildburghausen, in 1796; and to the tuition of this learned musician, Weber owed his energy, precision, and powers of execution. His father, observing the progressive development of his talents, was willing to afford every facility for their advantageous cultivation. He therefore placed his son under the famous Michael Haydn at Salzburg; but the cold and rigid manners of this master prevented the pupil from profiting by his instructions, in spite of his anxious desire to learn.

Not long after, Weber made himself known by the publication of his first work, "Six Fugues, in four parts," which are remarkable for their purity and correctness, and were noticed with approbation in the German "Musical Gazette,"—*Musik-dische Zeitung*. Towards the close of the year 1798, he went to Munich, where he was instructed in singing by Valesi, and in composition, as well as the piano-forte, by Kalcher. To the latter he was indebted for a copious acquaintance with the theory of music, and for facility of skill in making a practical use of his knowledge. Weber now applied to his studies with peculiar assiduity, and especially to the composition of operatic music. Under the observation of his master, he wrote an opera called "The Power of Love and Wine."—*Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins*; a mass; and several other pieces, which, however, he thought proper to commit to the flames.

Weber, some time after, conceived the idea of rivalling Senefelder in the art of lithography, of which he professed to be the inventor. In order to prosecute his project with advantage, he removed with his father to Frieberg, in Saxony, where stones fit for his purpose were most easily to be procured. This speculation, however, did not long occupy his attention. Disgusted with the trouble and attention it required, he relinquished it, and resumed, with redoubled ardour, the study of composition. At the age of fourteen, he wrote the opera of "The Maid of the Forest,"—*Das Wäldmadchen*, which was first performed in 1800, and received with great applause at Vienna, Prague, and Petersburgh. The young composer, however, afterwards wished that the form of this piece had been less extended, considering it as an immature and juvenile production.

An article in the Musical Gazette at length called forth his latent powers, and inspired him with the idea of writing in an

entirely new style, adapted to the ancient musical instruments, which were then nearly forgotten. On this principle, in 1801, he composed the opera of "Peter Schnoll and his neighbours," in reference to which Michael Haydn thus expresses himself in a letter to a friend:—

"As far as I may pretend to judge, I must truly and candidly say, that this opera not only possesses great power and effect, but is also composed according to the strict rules of counterpoint. To spirit and liveliness, the composer has added a high degree of delicacy, and the music, moreover, is perfectly suited to the meaning of the words."

During a professional tour with his father in 1802, to Leipsic, Hamburg, and Holstein, his chief occupation was to collect and study all the works which he could procure, relative to the theory of music; carrying on his researches principally with the view of constructing an entire new system of music. The work entitled "*Vogler, 12 Choräle* by Sebastian Bach, analysed by C. M. von Weber," comprised the result of his studies.

Soon after he went to Vienna, where he completed his musical education under the Abbe Vogler, who was highly pleased with the earnest and unabated application of his pupil. During this time he arranged for the piano-forte Vogler's opera "*Samori*," which, with a set of variations, was all that he published. He was subsequently invited to Breslau, to fill the office of *Maestro di Capella*. In this situation, as it was necessary to form an entirely new orchestra and corps of singers, he had a favourable opportunity to improve himself in the knowledge of effect. The only work of importance which he composed in Silesia, was the opera of *Rübezahl*, or "Number Nip," the subject of which is taken from the popular superstitions of the country.

The invasion of the Prussian territory by Bonaparte in 1806, forced Weber to leave Breslau; and he entered into the service of the Duke Eugené of Wirtemberg. Here he wrote two symphonies, several concertos, and various pieces for wind instruments. He also, at this time, published an improved edition of his opera, "The Maid of the Forest," under the title of "*Sylvana*;" a cantata; some overtures for a grand orchestra, and many solos for the piano-forte. In 1810, he commenced another professional tour, in which he was very successful. At Frankfort, Munich, and Berlin, his operas were advantageously

performed; and he gave concerts, which were well attended. Again availing himself of the science of Vogler, (who had then with him two other talented students, Meyerbeer, and Gaensbacher,) he composed the opera "Abu Hassan."

From 1813 to 1816, Weber was director of the opera at Prague, where he composed his famous cantata *Kampf und Sieg*,—“Combat and Victory.” Having completed the purpose of his visit to Prague, he again travelled, without any permanent appointment; and though many offers were made him, he would not accept of any, till he received an invitation to become Master of the King of Saxony’s Band, and Musical Director of the German Opera at Dresden; which offices he filled for some years, devoting his whole attention and study to his professional duties. His labours were not only crowned with complete success, but also met with the most flattering encouragement. His celebrated opera “Der Freischutz” was produced at Berlin in 1821, the publication of which raised him, at once, to the rank of one of the first composers in Germany. It procured him a commission to write an opera for the theatre of Vienna; and he accordingly in November, 1823, brought out his opera of “Euryanthe.” This piece was founded on an old French ballad; the poetry was furnished by Madame von Chezy, but the composition is somewhat deficient in animation, in consequence of which the people of Berlin called it “L’Ennuyante.”

After acquiring so much reputation in his own country, Weber was induced to visit England, where his Freischutz had already established his fame. The subsequent production of his “Oberon,” must, upon the whole, have been flattering to his feelings. Foreign talent has, generally, been highly appreciated and well rewarded in this country, and the treatment which distinguished musicians from abroad have generally experienced among us, sufficiently proves our taste for the harmonic art, and our liberality in the acknowledgement of superior merit. The ingenious musician, to the commemoration of whose talents these pages are dedicated, had no reason to complain of the patronage extended towards him. He is supposed to have got about £1000 by his visit to England: £500 for his Oberon, and various sums, amounting to as much more for superintending rehearsals, presiding in the orchestra, and at concerts and private parties, such as the Marquis of Hertford’s, Mrs. Coutts’s, &c. for which his regular fee was thirty guineas.

Weber came to this country in a very delicate state of health; labouring under a disease of the lungs, which rendered him peculiarly susceptible of suffering from our variable climate. He was about to return to the Continent, in search of a more genial atmosphere, in compliance with the advice of his medical attendants, when death suddenly closed his mortal career, and consigned him to a grave in the land which holds the ashes of his great countryman, Handel. On the 5th of the last month, he was found dead in his chamber, his head resting on his hand supported by a pillow, in as easy an attitude as if he had been sleeping. Thus did he expire, at the early age of thirty-three, leaving a widow and two children in Germany to lament the loss of a husband and father.

The works of Weber, which have appeared in print, are very numerous. They consist of pieces for various instruments, namely concertos, concertinos, pot-pourries, for the piano-forte, the clarionet, the hautboy, bassoon, and violincello; of sonatos, variations, polonaises; of grand symphonies, overtures, and of many operas, among which the most important have been previously mentioned. His vocal compositions, in four parts, with accompaniments for the piano-forte, deserve particular notice, and principally the "*Leir und Schwerdt*" by Korner, in which he has displayed his perception of the powers of poetry and declamation. It appears that he left no works of consequence in manuscript, except one, the publication of which has been long anxiously expected in Germany. The title of this work was to have been "*Künsterleben*," partly devoted to a narrative of the principal incidents of his own life, interspersed with remarks on the greatest musical composers of past and modern times, and on their most important productions. His literary, as well as his musical, talents, qualified him admirably for a work of this kind, which cannot but prove highly interesting.

Among the anecdotes which have been made public illustrative of the character and genius of Weber, are the following.

He was invited to dine with Mr. L—— the music-seller, whose residence and establishment are of a very handsome description. On entering the noble drawing-room, the quiet German opened his eyes, and looking round, said softly, as if to himself, "I see it is better to sell music than to write it."

One of Weber's distinguishing excellencies as a composer, was his adapting the sound of his airs to the sense of the words. In one of the songs in Oberon, Miss Paton, with all her fine powers of execution, failed to produce the effect designed by the musician. "I know not how it is," said she, "I never can do this as it should be."—"The reason is," replied Weber, "because you do not understand the words."

A grander example of his feeling and judgment, in this respect, occurred during the performance of a hymn to the Deity. Some of the voices were too much exalted. "Hush, hush!" exclaimed the genuine master, "hush!—if you were in the presence of God, would you speak loud?"

Some of the friends of the deceased musician, and the admirers of his genius proposed his interment in St. Paul's Cathedral; but some difficulties presenting the execution of this plan, it was at length determined that the funeral ceremony should take place at the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Moor-fields. He was accordingly interred there on the 21st ult.

J.

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## SCENES IN THE EAST.

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*(Continued from page 312, Vol. XXIII.)*

"It heaves, it shakes —  
The rooted rock—and with portentous brow  
Hangs o'er each fated head.—Each gazing eye  
Is dizzy with the wandering rack of clouds,  
Which roll a billowy ocean from the sky!"

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### THE SPELL-BOUND VALLEY.

My bearded narrator stroked his beard, and thus continued:—"On the little train arriving at the Glen of Isfundeer, which Parysatis well remembered as the rocky prison, or rather lonely place of refuge, for the poor red lizards during their probationary transformation; she was amazed to see a great fire at the entrance, and her humane benefactor Kashan standing before it; apparently vehemently remonstrating with her enemy, the wicked minister, who seemed in a rage of passion.—Baha-

ram rode forward; and at sight of the king, both disputants bowed their heads to the ground.—“Hear me, my lord and king!” cried the fierce adversary of Kashan, evidently in haste to prevent the other from pleading first. Baharam nodded his assent, and the wretch resumed.—“I had provided this fire, and that cage of five hundred and forty-five red lizards; which I have all the evening been labouring to catch, for your majesty’s amusement; and, behold, this insolent Kashan demands to let them loose again! on plea, that the extraordinary spectacle of seeing them thrown into that furnace, and dancing about in the flames, in the fashion of so many salamanders, would be a cruel pastime, unworthy of your majesty!—But is any thing cruel or unworthy, that may amuse the melancholy of my king?”

“Justice and mercy, now come to cure the melancholy of your lord and king!”—returned the monarch, with a tone of denunciation that seemed to shake the rocks, and more than a hundred echoes immediately reverberated the sound.—“Base calumniator of the pure and good! traitor to thy sovereign, and thine own manhood!” continued Baharam, “look on my innocent, injured, living queen!”—at the word, Parysatis threw off her veil, and stood proclaimed before the whole amazed assembly of the royal hunt.—Kashan started back, speechless, but not with terror; wonder, gratitude to heaven, sealed his tongue. His adversary, the wicked minister, started and trembled with a different feeling.—He guessed his doom, at the moment his sovereign paused; and, with an anathema of desperate revenge, turned, and would have plunged his poniard into the breast of Kashan, but an arrow from an invisible bow struck him in the hovering act.—He fell across the cage which contained the poor collected lizards, and his streaming blood flowed through its bars upon them.—Parysatis instantly remembered the prediction in the tale, her preserver had told her—“That when a faithful wife doomed to death, should shed tears of happiness in that valley, and the blood of the wicked should sprinkle there, then the condemned should cease to be punished?”

Even while recollecting this, she saw the cage sink under the bleeding traitor; and immediately, rising all around him, as if springing from out of the ground, stood the four hundred and forty-five beautiful ladies, who had been enchanted for their

crimes. The clouds also, from the top of the towering cliffs dispersed, as it were the withdrawing of a curtain, from before a resplendent form that shone forth indeed like the son of Mythra.—“Behold me, ye who have slept in my bosom, and would have drank its life!” cried he; and the voice was like the rising strains of aerial music:—“But ye have mourned, and have repented.—Ye are forgiven; and the bowers of the tenth Paradise are given to you. There, I, your once husband and king, Isfundeer; I, now the guardian spirit of Persia, will myself lead you to those groves of immortal bliss!”

At these words, the ladies sunk prostrate on their faces, with a cry of joy; and a fragrant mist seemed to shroud their forms immediately from all eyes, while the same bright being above, turned to the wondering king.—“Baharam, bravest descendant of my race; take again to thy heart yon virtuous woman! her price is beyond rubies.—She is worthy to share thy bed and throne without a rival; worthy to be a mother of princes; and to repair with thee, even in the glory of thy meridian days, to the everlasting kingdom of the just!—Behold, it is written in the stars!—when ten more suns have wheeled their annual course, Baharam and Parysatis will breathe the immortal air of Paradise, and yon faithful minister, Kashan, shall teach their royal heir his parents' virtues!”

The voice ceased; and a column of golden-tinged yet fleecy clouds, like those which canopy the setting sun, rolled before the celestial speaker, and filled the glen of the mountain.—When it dispersed, the king and the queen, and their virtuous minister were no longer there, but found themselves standing under the rose-coloured roof of the royal hunting pavilion in the valley of heroes, and the beautiful heifer, with the white antelope also, by their side.—A gold tablet hung from the neck of the latter, on which was engraved.—‘The gift of Isfundeer. When you look on me, remember to love, and to forbear one another. That is the nuptial duty; the secret of its happiness; and Practice makes Perfect!’

“So concludes my story,” cried the mehmonder; “and when my lord the Saib is less inclined to sleep, I shall be at his command for another.”

D.

(*To be continued.*)

## SCENES ON THE SPOT;

OR,

PARIS IN 1824.

BY CHRISTOPHER CRAYON, ESQ.

*(Continued from page 318, Vol. XXIII.)*

I MUST not quit the subject of the theatres without speaking of the two opera-houses. After the murder of the unfortunate Duke of Berry, which took place on the steps of the French opera-house, that building was closed, and has since been pulled down, a new one being erected in the rue Lepellelier. Although it is only intended to answer a temporary purpose, it is nevertheless on a magnificent scale, and extremely well situated. The appearance of the principal front is particularly noble, though the style of architecture is of rather too solemn a cast, considering the use for which it is designed. A double vestibule forms the entrance, which opens upon the street by seven arcades with glazed doors. A wing projects at each end; and a light awning, which is supported by cast-iron pillars, proceeds from the top of the arcades between the wings; it is under this awning that the carriages set down. Above those seven arcades is a second range of nine, forming the windows of the saloon. Between each window is a statue of a muse, but it has been somewhat awkwardly contrived to exclude one of those divinities, there being room only for eight. The front is sixty-four feet high. The saloon, superbly fitted up with lustres and mirrors, extends the whole length of the building, and is one hundred and eighty-six feet long. The profusion of glass and the corinthian columns which decorate it, and which are painted to imitate marble with gilt bases, flutings, and capitals, produce a very striking effect. A statue of the tragic muse ornaments one end of the room, and her comic sister graces the other. You pass from the saloon, through two handsome vestibules, to the noble stair-cases that lead to the interior of the building; which is fitted up in an extremely tasteful and magnificent style, and is seen to the greatest advantage by being lighted with gas. The scenery is very splendid, the machinery admirable, and the dancing the first in the world. This cannot be said of the singing; but it must be

owned that the performers labour under great disadvantages from the character of French music, which is certainly not of a nature to

“Take prisoner the wrapt soul,  
And lap it in Elysium.”

“If one could ever think French music agreeable, it would be at the Comic Opera, which is one of the prettiest theatres in Paris; its fine architecture is, in some degree, lost, because it is so surrounded by houses that it cannot appear to advantage. It is one hundred and thirty-eight feet in length, by eighty-four in breadth; three large open arches in the basement allow carriages to enter. The theatre is on the first floor, there being no means to form the box-lobby, guard-room, &c. but on the ground floor. The ornaments of the first story consist of eight cariatides, between which are spacious arched windows; the front, fifty-six feet in height, is crowned by an entablature, the frieze of which is ornamented with roses. The form of the house is nearly circular; a row of twenty-eight Corinthian columns rises behind the first gallery, supporting an entablature, and a second gallery. Behind this second gallery a range of thirty-two columns, of the composite order, support an entablature, and a third gallery; and above the latter, in front of the stage, is a range of small boxes in the ceiling. There are three tiers of boxes, two between the first range of columns, and one between the third. The ceiling appeared to me remarkably beautiful; it represents a white canvass tent, decorated with arabesques, cameos, masks, and gilding. This accords very well with the curtain, a handsome blue drapery, with gold tassels and fringe. One cannot help regretting that this really pretty theatre should have vile scenery. The performers are not first-rate singers, but they are good actors. There is a degree of native gaiety and freshness about them which disarms criticism. In a word, if I wanted to be pleased without strictly examining how or why, I would go to the French Comic Opera.

The Italian Opera-house is a neat building: but has nothing remarkable. The male performers can only be called respectable, the women are much superior. Madame Pasta, equally famous as an actress and a singer, takes the leading parts, and is very ably supported by Mademoiselles Cinti, Demeri, and Momselli. But, in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance

of theatrical representation, their Italian Opera is decidedly inferior to ours.

The streets of Paris are very unsafe for pedestrians at a late hour of the night, and, indeed, in those streets where there are no shops, it is not very prudent to walk alone, even at a comparatively early hour. There being no stationary guardians of the night, as with us; but only a military patrole who scour the streets every half-hour, robbery and murder are much more easily perpetrated. It is true we do not often hear of such things, but it is equally true that at *la Morgue*, the place where the bodies of drowned persons, or of those who meet with death by accident, are exposed in order to their being owned, it is not uncommon to see bodies who appear to have been murdered before they were precipitated into the water.

Bonhommie had procured me tickets, to see the interior of the Tuilleries, and the next morning I proceeded to view it. I entered by the *Place du Carousel*, so called from a tournament held there by Louis XIV. It is in this spacious area, no otherwise remarkable than from its great size, that the famous triumphal arch has been erected; which is placed exactly in the centre, and is forty-five feet in height: sixty in breadth, and twenty and a half in thickness. It is remarkable for its elegant proportions, rich materials, and the exquisite delicacy of its sculpture; but the mixture of colouring and materials, the various sorts of marble, bronze, and gilding, rob it of simplicity; whilst its size, being disproportioned to the vast area in which it stands, spoils the grandeur of its effect. This proud monument rears its head fronting the very entrance of the palace, placed there by the Imperial Ruler, as an imperishable monument of his greatness and glory; who can look on it without exclaiming *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

The royal residence is not constructed on a regular plan, but composed of various orders of architecture, according to the taste of the different sovereigns under whom it was completed. It was began by the execrable Catharine de Medicis, who intended it as a country residence for herself. It was afterwards enlarged by Henry IV.; Louis XIII. made considerable alterations in it; and Louis XIV. still farther enlarged and embellished it, leaving it at his death very nearly in the state in which it is at present. The alterations, made by each sovereign in the original plan of the building, have oc-

casioned a discrepancy very injurious to its general effect. The mixture of columns of all orders, and sizes, are grievous to the eye of a connoisseur; but, in spite of its defects, the *tout ensemble* is magnificent and imposing. The front consists of five pavillions connected by four piles of building, on the same line, and extends nearly eleven hundred feet. The central pavillion is the richest part of the front. The columns, on the ground-floor, are of the Ionic order. A very fine antique figure of Apollo, and another of a faun, are placed in niches at each side of the door. The upper columns are of the Corinthian and Composite orders; they are of brown and red marble; and support a pediment with a clock in the middle: above are statues of Justice and Prudence, placed in recumbent positions, and the attic is supported by six colossal cariatides.

The front, towards the garden, consists of three pavillions; in the decoration of which the same confusion of orders prevails. The antique marble statues, which decorate the open galleries, on each side of it, are very fine. The interior is, generally speaking, more splendid than tasteful. I could not walk through it without running over, in my mind, the various changes of which it has been the theatre, during the last six-and-thirty years. After the unfortunate Louis was torn from it to be imprisoned, it became the residence of the leading members of the Convention; these were dispossessed by the principal persons of the Directory; who, in their turn, gave way to Napoleon. He found in it, every where, traces of the stormy time that had just passed. The days of republican glory were little favourable to the embellishment of palaces, and the devastations which had been made in the days of anarchy, were still unrepaired. It was not difficult for a man, who had all the treasures of Europe at his command, to restore, with almost magical celerity, the royal residence to more than its pristine splendour. The visions of the Revolution were passed away, the people had returned to their old tastes and habits; victory abroad, and magnificence at home, were all they thought of, or wished for; and France, even while groaning under the weight of a conscription which reduced her male population to old men and children, was yet conciliated by the homage that the imperial ruler offered to her vanity, in the immense sums he expended in the embellishment of her capital.

But to return to the Thuilleries: it is somewhat remarkable that Napoleon made no alteration in the style of the state apartments; the furniture and ornaments were replaced as they had been left by Louis XIV. Nothing can exceed their richness, but they are in bad taste, having all the heavy grandeur which characterises that period. I must not, however, be understood as including in this censure the whole of the paintings and sculptures, several of which are master-pieces that would do honour to any age. The apartments of the Dauphiness, formerly those of her unfortunate mother, are fitted up in the modern style with much taste and simplicity.

Those who are fond of nature in a rural dress, must not go to the garden of the Thuilleries to seek her; she is as carefully banished from it as if it was laid out for the express purpose of excluding her. *Au reste* you have every thing you can wish for; beautiful fountains, exquisite statues, fine trees, shady groves, and spacious walks. Its extent is about sixty-four acres. It is considered the most fashionable promenade in Paris, particularly between the hours of two and five, when the fair Parisians sally forth to get an appetite for dinner. I could not help thinking, as I strolled about, that some degree of rivalry seemed to exist between these *belles* and my own fair countrywomen, many of whom were present. The beauties of each nation had their attendant cavaliers; and it seemed to me that the French fair ones, in approaching an English party, had all that play of motion so indifferent in itself, but which attracts so readily the eye and attention of the men. The glove suddenly drawn off to display at once the pretty hand, and the fine forehead on which it parted the clustering ringlets; the mantle flying as it were accidentally open, or the shawl carelessly thrown aside to discover the graceful contour of the shape, more than once attracted my eyes, albeit unused to the admiring mood, and seemed to make no small havoc in the allegiance of the stylish-looking attendants of my fair countrywomen.

These dear creatures were either unable, or disdained to make a return in kind; a little bridling, or a half suppressed smile of contempt, being the only notice they condescended to take of these manœuvres. Their operations were carried on in another way; far from seeming to invite attention, they appeared rather to shun it. The veil hastily drawn for-

ward, the eye averted from the admiring gaze, often did as much execution as the more artful attacks of their redoubtable adversaries.

In this garden one meets, at different hours of the day, the French of former times, and those of the present. The old Chevalier de St. Louis, reduced to live upon a pittance barely sufficient for the necessaries of life, saunters along with an air of quiet resignation, or gives his arm with the ceremonious gallantry of the old school to some antiquated lady of the *vieille cour*, who reduced, like himself, from affluence to something less than mediocrity, still loves to linger in those walks, formerly the scene of her youthful triumphs, and preserves, like her ancient cavalier, the dress as well as the manners of former days, which is the antipodes of the present time: military plainness, or rather the affectation of it, being the order of the day with the men, and sprightly ease with the women.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### ORIGIN OF CAPS.

THE use of caps and hats is referred to the year 1449, the first seen in these parts of the world being at the entry of Charles VII. into Rouen; from that time they began to take place of the hoods, or chaperoons, that had been used till then. When the cap was of velvet, they called it mortier; when of wool, simply bonnet. None but kings, princes, and knights, were allowed the use of the mortier. The cap was the head-dress of the clergy and graduates. Pasquier says, that it was anciently a part of the hood worn by the people of the robe; the skirts whereof being cut off as an incumbrance, left the round cap an easy commodious cover for the head; which round cap being afterwards assumed by the people, those of the gown changed it for a square one, first invented by a Frenchman, called patrouittet. He adds, that the giving of the cap to the students in the universities, was to denote, that they had acquired full liberty, and were no longer subject to the rod of their superiors; in imitation of the ancient Romans, who gave a pileus, or cap, to their slaves, in the ceremony of making them free. Whence this proverb, "*Vocare servos ad pileum.*"

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## FASHION, OR NO FASHION.

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"So you are going to visit your relations in the country?" said young Davenport to his friend; "I will venture a cool hundred, that you pick up a wife, before you return."

"It is so probable, that I must be worse than a fool to lay a wager upon the subject; which is, indeed, a mode of assertion to which I rarely condescend. I wish to marry; yet I confess myself somewhat fastidious; but when a man is on the look out in sober earnest, it will be strange if he meet with nothing to satisfy him. My mother was an excellent woman, and a handsome one to boot; I am going into her country, and amongst her relations, and should certainly not be sorry to prove as lucky as my father."

"I wish you may, with all my heart, Harry; for you deserve a good wife, and have the means of rendering one comfortable—allow me (though I am but a rattleskull) to offer you one piece of advice in this important business: marry, if you like it, a ruddy, healthy, country girl, with a warm heart, active limbs, sweet temper, and good fortune; but in the name of all that is attractive, don't let her be a dowdy."

"I shall look to the heart first, the mind next, the person in the third place, fortune in the fourth; and the style of dress coming fifthly and lastly, will, I apprehend, make but a small part of my requisitions."

"Then you will be wrong, positively wrong, my dear fellow. A proper attention to dress is really one of the minor virtues in a woman; and a kind of link in the chain of her duties, which binds all the rest together."

"The sex are, generally, vain enough to be very sufficiently attentive to this duty, if it be one; but I should designate a passion for dress, as destructive to virtue; as occupying time which is called for by a woman's husband and family; consuming money, required, probably, for their support; and absorbing attention, which indicates self-love to be the governing principle of her existence. A person of this description is neither fitted to be a wife, a mother, the mistress of a house, nor even a friendly acquaintance to any intelligent circle of society."

"That may be; yet I would prefer her to one who is too indolent to be neat, too unobservant to be fashionable, too con-

ceited to comply with the common changes of the mode, too extravagant to take care of a good dress, or too avaricious to allow herself one. Look at our friend Waterland's wife, for example; she is, or at least was, a very pretty woman; but her husband blushes to have her seen on his arm, for she is regularly shabby and ill-dressed; and as he always looks like a gentleman, it is no wonder that he shrinks from one who appears more like a mistress he seeks to desert, than a wife whom he desires to cherish."

"I should not like that, certainly."

"Nor would you choose your lady to be exhibited in the colours of the rainbow, like Mrs. Wanstead; nor elegantly, but expensively, tricked out, like Mrs. Swan; whose husband never appears but in a thread-bare coat, that he may bring things within compass; and whom the dread of millinery, or jewellery bills, prevents from giving his son an education, or his friends a dinner."

"Oh! that is worse than the other."

"Well, if you would avoid all those faults, keep a sharp look out on the conduct of the young ladies in Sussex, with respect to that insignificant thing which philosophers may deride, and moralists despise, but which is something to every husband, who has either taste or affection; since the former desires to be satisfied, and the latter expects the compliment of being considered, even in trifles."

It struck the gentleman to whom this was addressed, (Mr. Coversham), that really his sprightly friend talked well on this subject; but, recollecting that he was much of what is called a dandy in his own dress, that he affected to admire only the very fashionable in the other sex, and piqued himself on a knowledge of costume which subjected him to the charge of frivolity, he began to think that he attached too much importance to this subject, and to conclude, "that much stronger principles of action ought to influence the conduct of those who professed to be rational and religious creatures."

In this conclusion Coversham was right, but his gayer companion was not, therefore, wrong. Although, for the present, his arguments on this weighty subject were forgotten, the journey was taken, the country found beautiful, the friends hospitable, and every thing contributed to render a short residence as agreeable as possible.

"On Saturday," said the uncle he was visiting, "you will see a party of our neighbours, and some distant relations of our own—very pretty girls, let me tell you; so have you a care of your heart; they are coming to stay a few days with us, and my wife, to whom they are much attached, has promised to be their chaperon to the ball at —, which takes place on Thursday; and to which, I hope, you will accompany them."

"I shall do it, with great pleasure. May I enquire who they are?"

"Maria and Julia Egerton are sisters; Ellen is their cousin, and under the guardianship of her uncle, the father of the former; she is of the same age with Julia; and they are making their first appearance in public on this occasion, being both but little turned of eighteen. The eldest daughter is about two years older, and the handsomest of the three; she stands quite at the head of the fashionables in our county, I assure you; for as both herself and sister have a little independent fortune, she is enabled to cut a pretty good figure in a country place."

"They have lost their mother, I presume?"

"Yes, poor things! but that loss has been supplied both to them and Ellen by a good aunt, to whom Julia is exceedingly attached. I believe she is the most domestic of the three; at least, so Mr. Egerton tells me: he generally calls her his head nurse, and celebrates her skill in broth-making, and other culinary arts. Ellen, on the contrary, is a kind of learned lady, or, at least, a blue stocking; she has a pretty fortune, and can afford to indulge her taste, which, I believe, is much cultivated."

"This is the girl for my preference," said Coversham to himself—"the first, I have little doubt, is a regular Belle, devoted to dress and exacting homage; the next, what Mary Wolstonecroft called "a square-elbowed family drudge," very useful to an ailing father and an old-maidish aunt, but not the person any man of sense would make the companion of his life. I am bookish myself, and like the idea of a bookish woman, who can hardly fail to imbibe, with extensive knowledge, pure morality, sound religion, and cultivated imagination."

The young ladies arrived; and, as they descended from the carriage, Coversham saw, in a moment, that Miss Egerton would have been the choice of his friend; for she was indeed a fine woman in person, and dressed, not only in the height of the fashion, but in its most expensive style. The next person

who descended was in striking contrast, for her clothing appeared absolutely shabby; and Coversham would have concluded this to be Julia, if she had not been loaded with a basket of books, a folio, and a Literary gazette. The person who followed, and who, in guarding her clothes from the wheels, inadvertently shewed a neat ankle and a most delicately accoutred foot, was merely well and suitably dressed for travelling occasions.

Coversham was much pleased with the accession to their society thus afforded: but, as they were all a little surprised, and a little shy, the first evening, it was not till the following day that he could hope to engage in the task of exploring their minds: and he, moreover, thought that Sunday was particularly calculated for that purpose, as conversation was little likely to take a frivolous turn, although it might not be exactly religious.

So appeared the mistress of the house to think, but it was quite impossible for her to lead Maria for one moment to any other subject than dress, dances, company, and shew. The "how shall I look?—what shall I say?—who will be there to admire me?" evidently engrossed all her thoughts; and although it was her full intention to charm the stranger, yet anxiety for admiration superseded the use of those means by which it could be obtained; and notwithstanding she saw that Coversham was uneasy with her discussion of tulle, crepe lisse, and grenadine, she persisted in talking of them incessantly.

Meantime Ellen's eyes were fixed on a book with the air of a person totally abstracted, although it was certain no person could make any sense of what they were reading, who sat next Maria (as she did); and, indeed, as there were two fine children of their host's at breakfast; and as he and Coversham sought to exchange opinions on some topics, suggested by the Quarterly, which lay on the table, the thing seemed impossible. Every now and then she looked up with a despairing air; and, in doing so, generally glanced towards Coversham; who would have answered her with a look of pity, but, unfortunately, in giving it he was led to see that her hair was in the most terrible disorder; he could not, therefore, forbear wishing that she would eat her breakfast, and use her time in preparing for church, and rendering herself neat.

"What does Epiphany-Sunday mean? pray, tell me, cousin Ellen," said a little girl who had retired from table, and was

finding the places she should require in the prayer-book before she sat out.

"You must ask somebody else, child," replied Ellen, with a look half in shame and half in anger.

"Then I'll ask Maria, for she is the eldest."

But in a low voice, and gentle manner, Julia stopped the little interrogator on her way, and gave her the necessary information. Many questions rapidly followed of the same nature, and all were answered with good humour, and a perspicuity of language adapted to the hearer's capacity; yet in a manner which proved that whatever might have been Julia's other occupations, much time had been given by her to books; and that those books included history, ethics, and divinity.

"I must have been mistaken in the person," said Coversham to himself; but Ellen forbade him to think so, for she began to address him on the subject of the work she was reading, and gave him to understand that, although she never read musty old books, every modern work was familiar to her. "She idolized Byron, she adored Scott, she had a passion for Theodore Hook, Campbell was her favourite, and Galt—dear creature! she wished he would write for ever."

B.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### ORIGIN OF TURBANS.

TURBANS, a Turkish hat, or ornament for the head, of fine linen, wreathed into a bundle, broad at the bottom to enclose the head, and lessening for ornament towards the top. The custom of wearing it had this origin: the barbarous people having the Grecian army once at a great advantage, at or near the hill Thermopylæ, there was no other remedy, but some few must make good a narrow passage, while the main body of the army might escape; which some brave spirits undertook, and knowing that they went to an inevitable death, had care of sepulture, of old much regarded; wherefore, each of them carried his winding-sheet wrapt about his head, and then, with loss of their own lives, saved their fellows. Whereupon, for an honourable memorial of their exploits, the Levantines used to wrap white linen about their heads, and the fashion so derived upon the Turk.—*Sir Henry Blount's Voyage.*

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## THE BARONET.

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*(Continued from page 325, Vol. XXIII.)*

CHARLES KENEDY, in the mean time, thus suddenly deprived of the rank and property which he was so formed to dignify, shunned the public gaze, denied himself even to his dearest friends, and, without informing them of his intentions, left Ireland. Since the death of Sir Francis Straanford Kenedy, he had lived but little in his native land, and now it was conjectured that he had withdrawn himself from it for ever. There was a considerable part of the personal property of Sir Francis settled upon Charles Kenedy, which still remained to him, but it was not sufficient to support him in the affluence in which he had so long lived; and consequently did not authorize him to continue his addresses to the daughter of a distinguished nobleman, whom, had it not been for the disputation of his title, he would soon have called his wife; but honour forbade him, after the loss of his title and fortune, even to address her, and by awakening her pity, to seek for a continuance of the affection which he so highly valued.

At one stroke deprived of title, fortune, and the woman he adored, no wonder that Charles Kenedy should secretly leave the land of his fathers, the country which could only increase the sorrow of his heart;—he was an insulated being, without home, hope, or happiness; but still his name was venerated in the halls where it had been so often proudly repeated, and many a tear of genuine affection escaped from the eyes of his attached and faithful domestics. With sullen pride they saw the splendid equipage of his successor drive to the gates, which had so often joyously opened for him; but which continued closed, until the repeated cries of “Sir Samuel is come!” and the thundering of the lacqueys against the inhospitable gates obliged them, at last, to throw them open. Grave and sorrowful were their countenances as they came forward to receive their new master, in so solemn a procession, that it might rather have been conjectured that they were following the manes of a beloved master to the tomb of his fathers, than welcoming a new one to his paternal seat.

"By St. Patrick, and the fellows are stupid, or vastly like it!" exclaimed Sir Samuel to his friend Mr. Boyle, as he leant his singular person over the carriage-door, as if expecting the sight of him would recal the vanished spirits of his new servants; and, waving his hand in the air, he continued—"Shout, my brave fellows! long live Sir Samuel!—hurrah!—Why the devil, and why don't you shout?"

Instead of the expected vociferations of joy, there was a long and deep murmur, and stifled groans, whilst one or two of the most daring repeated—"Sir Charles, we have no master but Sir Charles."

"The de'll take them, and what do they mean?" said the discomfited baronet, as again he thrust out his visage, fiery red with anger and exertion.—"Sir Charles, you rascals! there is no Sir Charles; and if there is, I am him, for I am Sir Samuel Kenedy all the world over; and you shall drink to my health, my nate Irish fellows, in as much whiskey as you please." But even this promise did not produce the desired effect, for though it silenced some, yet by the greater number the most contemptuous looks were shown, and murmurs every where met the ear, instead of acclamations. Even the money and whiskey, which were in the evening distributed, did not silence the complainers; the more they drank the more outrageous they grew; and poor Sir Samuel, trembling for his life, vowed, if they spared him that night, he would leave his estate, and never give his loving servants the opportunity of murdering him again in his own house.

Accordingly, the next morning beheld him and Mr. Boyle on their way to his town-house in Dublin, where he was received with at least the appearance of respect: but though he plentifully distributed his money and his whiskey, he gained no more popularity: those who did not greet him with groans and hisses, passed rude remarks loud enough for him to hear. He gave a splendid route: his guests treated him with affected deference; but he saw, very plainly, that they were only treating him with ridicule. He was invited to the houses of several young noblemen, to furnish a butt for the banter and satire of the whole party. With affected gravity they discussed affairs of political import, held theological debates, and talked learnedly of the sages, poets, and ancient warriors; every now and then

appealing to poor Sir Samuel, with pretended deference; who, instead of confessing his ignorance, laughed, hemmed, and endeavoured to appear as if he understood the subject, generally taking care to agree in argument with his nearest neighbour; which was no sooner perceived than the merry son of fashion changed his tone, and vouched the most extravagant stories as matters of fact, constantly appealing to Sir Samuel Kenedy, who, uniformly, seconded their authenticity. Then they plied him well with wine, when, being thrown quite off his guard, he became doubly ridiculous. In fine, he furnished the best sport imaginable to a party of gallants, wild in their pleasures; in seeking the gratification of which, it but little import to them whether the feelings of the object they ridiculed were spared, or cruelly alive to the severity of sarcasm. So obviously, at last, did the gay bloods of Dublin enjoy poor Sir Samuel's awkward gentility and unhappy blunders, that he had sufficient wisdom to perceive that he was the laughing-stock of the party, and to withdraw himself entirely from their society.

In the utmost distress he again sought his legal friend, to relate the woes and mortifications which had haunted him, ever since his possession of the title. Mr. Boyle advised him to travel, to go to England, and, by mixing in the best society, to which his rank would always gain him admittance, endeavour to polish his manners, and obtain some knowledge of the world; so that, after absenting himself for some time from his own country, he might, on his return, meet with the respect which now he was denied. Sir Samuel, delighted with the idea, declared he would set off immediately, and that Mr. Boyle should accompany him; a proposal to which his legal friend would, under any circumstances, have very unwillingly assented, for he had already experienced sufficient mortification from the singularity of Sir Samuel's appearance and manners; but he was relieved by the fact, that it was not in his power to accept the invitation, from the pressure of important professional engagements; for since the quick and fortunate termination of his last suit, Mr. Boyle had found clients as numerous as they were formerly scarce.

Previous to his leaving Ireland, Sir Samuel Kenedy determined to visit, in all the splendour of his magnificence, the village which had been, for thirty years, his constant residence.

The good lady of the George and the Dragon looked anxiously forward to the time of his visit; for she thought of her stables, her larder, and her whiskey, and of the good which would fall to her house in the coming of so great a man: "it would be a golden penny in her pocket," she frequently observed, "for Samuel Kenedy, when it was that he was only Sam, was generous, and willing to pay well for his cups; and now that he was Sir Samuel, it was not likely that he should change his nature; and then his honour's men (she said) and his horses, too, would take a deal of keeping and paying for.

The expected hour arrived, and Sir Samuel Kenedy, in all his greatness and self-consequence, drove into the little village, where a far different greeting awaited him to any he had previously received. Boys and girls, men, women, and children, for many a mile round, had come to meet him; loud shouts of joy and welcome rang the air; the most athletic amongst the men took the horses from his carriage, and drew him in triumph to the Dragon.—Sir Samuel was elated beyond all words, and affected and conceited were his attitudes as he spoke to the friends whom he recognized, his sister Dorothy, her husband and children, and all the rest of his brothers and sisters.

Alighting, and addressing those around him in a very pompous manner, he said, "My good friends, I thank you for this token of your love, and I trust we shall all of us live a great many happy years, to witness many more such days, and let me tell you, that though I may be a great man now, yet I am still Samuel Kenedy, the same man who lived so long amongst you; and I think you will none of you say that I am not him, for reason of being proud with wealth." Having finished this very eloquent speech, Samuel Kenedy shook all his friends heartily by the hands, and for the first time he felt himself to be the great man, because every one about him appeared so struck with his greatness. The title, indeed, that day, received full justice; and his brothers and sisters, even in their first burst of joy at meeting him, forgot not to accost him with the usual form.

On the next day, he was like a petty king; so many boons were asked, and so many petitioners flocked round him; amongst these was his pretty sister Eva, who blushingly came to intreat he would speak to the young squire's father, who had refused

to give his consent to his son's marrying, unless it was with a lady of equal family and fortune. Sir Samuel kissed his favourite sister, and told her, that because she had been a very kind and good girl to him, he would do his best; and she might reckon herself as the young squire's lady; and he kept his promise, for he took the first opportunity of calling upon the old gentleman, and with the utmost composure and fearlessness broached the subject, promised to give Eva a good wedding-portion, and argued stoutly upon the squire's love for his sister, who, in lucky time, came in to plead for himself; and the consequence was, that Sir Samuel Kenedy came off with such flying colours, that within a few days he had the pleasure of giving the pretty and happy Eva to the delighted squire; whom, immediately after the ceremony, he saluted as his worthy brother.

The lady of the Dragon proved but a poor prophetess, for the rejoicings at the nuptials of Dorothy were trifling in comparison to the hospitality and munificence which were displayed at the ball, and kept up at the George and the Dragon for a month after the happy event. Sir Samuel set the example of kissing the blushing bride, and it was followed by all the numerous party of friends present, whilst the following week presented a constant scene of festivity and hilarity. There were racing and running matches, the men scrambling for money, and the women for ribands, favours, &c. dances amongst the poor, and a variety of strange and rude gambols.—Sir Samuel was in high and almost boisterous spirits, and was so courted and so popular, that the respect paid him in his native village, almost annihilated the remembrance of his former mortifications; but, happy as he was, he longed to mix in the world and to visit England; so, after many a mournful farewell, many a present to his old friends, and providing very comfortably for the rest of his family, he bade adieu to the banks of his favourite river Bann, and to the hospitable shores of good old Ireland, whilst tears were actually seen to stray down his cheeks.

H.

(*To be continued.*)

## LOVE.

*From the French.**(Concluded from page 264, Vol. XXIII.)*

AN involuntary sentiment impelled me to listen at the door with an attentive ear; the young man had a tone of voice so animated, that I lost not a single word of the whole of their discourse:—"Dearest," said he, "let us give ourselves up to the pleasure of loving one another, since that is the only one which we now possess, and since it has taken every other good from us. Can you sustain with courage the fate which is reserved for us? hast thou strength sufficient to hear me?" "Speak without fear!" she answered; "two hours ago I was the most unfortunate of women; I now find myself the most happy.—Thou livest, and thou lovest me.—My son sleeps between us. This is a new existence which animates my heart; what have I now to desire? If our cruel parents refuse us life, we will ask it of all the earth.—We will sell the strength of our arms to masters whose tyranny will limit itself to enjoy the fruit of our labour.—We can love one another in liberty: live, labour, and die together."—"My God!" replied the young man, "are men rich, only to be unjust? I have been to this uncle, in whom I expected to have found a father; he had already been prejudiced by thine.—On my very first interview, he reproached me with having violated the most sacred laws, of having dishonoured his name, and of having rendered myself worthy of the most ignominious punishment. I could not recover from my astonishment; I thought that he had lost his senses. He assured me, that she whom I had taken away should never be my wife; that your father had taken his oath of it, and that he himself had promised to interpose his authority, in order to replace you in his power.—He accompanied this discourse with a gesture of contempt and indignation.—Although very sensibly hurt, I disguised the poignant anguish of my feelings. I painted to him our love, such as it had been, pure, innocent, imprudent perhaps, but virtuous. He commanded me to be silent in a menacing tone; he told me I had no other recourse left than that of delivering you up to

him without delay, and of absenting myself, for ever, from the just indignation of an irritated father.

"I answered him, that his anger deprived him of his reason, and magnified, in his sight, the limits of paternal power; that all could easily be repaired without any violence; that if I had committed a fault, that fault was excusable; that it was the fault of love; that it would obtain pardon in the eyes of every sensible man; and I had neither been a ravisher nor a seducer. As he would not listen to me, I wished to leave this cruel relation.—What perfidy! a band of ruffians, hired for the purpose, seizes me, leads me to one of the common prisons, where I was locked up securely; the only price of my liberty was to declare the place of your retreat. I preserved a close silence in spite of all my persecutions, and the most importunate questions upon the subject. My firmness increased with my sufferings; but I suffered for thee; and this alone rendered my captivity less horrible. My perseverance changes the anger of your father into fury. He arrives, he appears before me, he pretends to moderate his passion, and promises pardon, both to me and thee, if I would consent to disclose your place of retirement. But I knew that the walls of the cloister awaited thee: for a lover who fears for her whom he loves, has eyes too penetrating not to perceive the danger of a snare like that. I answered him with pride—"Your daughter is no longer in your power; you have tyrannized over her; you meditate, at this very moment, the loss of her liberty; you are laying plans for her punishment and misery.—She hath chosen me for her husband; and that choice I will defend till death itself. It is I, who must answer for her liberty, her life, and her happiness. The rights of a father, who breathes vengeance alone, must yield to mine; and how dare you to contradict a choice which assures her of happiness? I will submit to death, rather than give up to your fury one so dear to me. Yes! I will die, rather than reveal the secret which I have sworn to keep."—I was then left to myself for a little time. The man whose business it was to bring me my nourishment, appeared to interest himself in my behalf. He offered me his services, and wished me to confide to him a letter for you. But my suspicions would not allow me to place thereon a direction. 'To prove to you the sincerity of my attachment,' said he, 'if you

wish, this very evening, I will procure for you the means of escape, provided that you will profit by them with precaution.' I thanked him, and expressed my gratitude to him as my friend and liberator. He kept his word, and the following night saw me hastening towards thee with the utmost precipitation. Three days successively I have walked without repose or nourishment; and when fatigue overcame me, Love lent me his strength. I have forgotten all my troubles, my dearest life, while I rest near thee, while thy arms are woven with mine, and thy sweet breath is on my face.—In the mean time—must I tell thee? my love is not without disquietude.—I am too credulous, perhaps, in a fatal presentiment. I fear lest they should only have suffered me to escape, merely to follow my steps, and the better to secure themselves of the asylum where thou wast concealed. If it was a stratagem, O God!

"I have seen, not far from hence, a post-chaise stopped on the road. I have observed it ever since the first day of my departure, that it followed the same route as myself. Let us fly, my dearest: let us fly at the first dawning of day from these places, and seek an asylum where Providence may deign to guard us from our persecutors."

"But how depart," rejoined the young wife, "when we are already involved in a debt which we cannot clear? Honour and justice retain us here in slavery. Tell me, my love, canst thou find out any means by which thou mayest accord them with the necessity to which we are reduced?"—"Yes! without doubt: but thou wouldest never consent thereto."—"Speak!" "I fear for thee alone; and if they should succeed in dragging you from this place, we are lost to one another for ever, and my despair would be without bounds. Fly with my son—hide him in some place where you may live unknown.—I will remain here to answer for the debt.—I will sell, if it be necessary, my clothes, and all the little effects which now belong to me. Nevertheless, if thou canst not resolve to leave me, stay, and we will die, we will die together!"—"No!" said the young wife, "I should be then the cause of your death, when mine alone would be sufficient. I flatter myself not that I could turn the anger of an irritated father. He would tear me from thy arms. I will fly, the better to secure your liberty and happiness." At these words the young man embraced her.—

They answered one another by sighs only; and a voluptuous sorrow, which was even sweet, shed on their senses the soft slumbers which stole insensibly upon them.

My heart, affected by what I had heard, beat with violence, and I shed the tears of compassion for their unfortunate fate. My soul being plunged into a sweet melancholy, I said to myself—"What is this sympathetic motion, whose impulse, rapid and victorious, unites two beings so closely; renders the most timid sex the most courageous, and causes the most savage heart to sigh in sorrow?—O, invincible charm of Beauty, thy empire is sure,—thou findest no rebel.—Let us not disguise it, for this same woman, had her locks been grey, had she bent beneath the weight of years, though more deserving of pity, though more in want of the necessaries of life, had not excited in my soul a sympathy so powerful. I endeavoured to define this active passion, whose wonderful effects I everywhere encountered.—Is it given to man for his happiness or misery? I compared the examples of virtue and of crime which it hath produced in the world, and I soon fell asleep, in the midst of my reverie, with the discordant images still hunting me, which the recent scenes had impressed upon my fancy.

A discordant and plaintive sound caused me to wake suddenly, and listen with attention.—It came from the next chamber, where I had left those unhappy lovers, whose adventures had so greatly interested me the evening before.—I ran thither.—What a terrible, yet affecting scene! A man, inflamed with anger, whom I knew to be the father of that young woman, was trying to strangle her with his hand. Her lover, with a vigorous arm, repulsed him, and kept him at a distance, and seemed to employ his whole strength in the action. By turns he fought and entreated. He appeared to be, at the same time, both the protecting deity of the unfortunate girl, and a suppliant and submissive son. The whole house ran to the spot; many people whom the voice of the furious father had aroused, endeavoured to secure the young man, while others undertook his defence.—At length, at the sight of a warrant, of great power, which gave him almost absolute authority, all yielded; the angry father claimed his lost child, and the force of the law took effect. The young lovers, who were tenderly embracing each other, were soon separated; I saw their fall from the

topmost height of despair into the sullen silence of inevitable woe. They appeared annihilated; and like two victims, dragged slowly and reluctantly to their death.

I perceived the new-born infant, half awoken by the tumult around him, when I suddenly take him in my arms, and presenting him to his inflexible grand-father—"Monsieur," said I, "this infant hath need of a father; it is your blood which makes his little heart beat, that heart which, one day, will bless him who protected his feebleness, or detest him who had the cruelty to abandon him. Behold him in whom you are about to re-live, and whose voice will, some day, be your glory or reproach. Behold this infant, whom your barbarity would deprive of all wish you, that he should curse you? The crime of your daughter is, to have submitted to a passion which you yourself have not been able to subdue.—She has brought into the world a son, who ought not to seem culpable in your eyes. It is your place alone to repair this fault, and to make this son legitimate, who will cherish you and respect you, when he shall have arrived to the years of manhood.—Will cruel prejudices make you sacrifice that which you hold dearest in the world? As to this young man, he loves, and is loved. He offers to you a virtuous hand: what riches therefore do you demand? Ah! the smile of the babe, confess it, has more charms and real value than a silent heap of gold. His mother is your daughter; and what other title should the father of this infant sustain, except that of her husband? he deserves it, since he hath fulfilled the duties of that name: esteem his courage, and his proud and noble soul, which loves you in spite of your rigour."

The father, still more struck by the look of the infant than by my discourse, remained immovable in silent contemplation. The little fellow had thrown off a great part of his clothes; and whether it was the effect of good fortune or of a sudden movement, he inspired his grandfather with the same love for him which had, already, been shown to him by his mother. He stretched out to him, with the smile of innocence, two little hands. I took the opportunity of putting him into the arms of the half-relenting grandsire—"Here is his asylum," I exclaimed: "he is in the bosom of nature, he will not depart from thence; that breast will not be shut to his tears." Could he refuse him? his countenance began to betray the secret emotions of his heart—he strove in vain to disguise them.—I

his first embarrassment, he could not prevent himself from kissing his little grandson.

The desolate mother, attentive to all these movements, seized this instant: she threw herself at his feet; and sustaining the infant with one hand, she took her father's hand with the other, and bathed it with a torrent of affectionate tears. The young man, a little farther off, placed one knee on the ground; and I, who was standing, the tears in my eyes, and my arms stretched out, excited this father, already a little shaken, to compassion and to pity. He put his hand to his eyes to dash away a tear; and preserving a silence which presaged some great event—“Thou hast overcome me,” said he, suddenly to his daughter. “I expected not this thunderbolt; it comes from Heaven—Heaven alone hath conducted all.—Blessed be God for ever.—Rise! I have no more anger against thee; I pardon thee, and I feel my tears trickle down with thine.—This infant—ah!—leave me,—thou softenest me too much—Take thy son, he hath become mine; love me, both of you!” He spoke; and kissing the infant with fresh transport, replaced him in the arms of his mother. Then did the young man first dare to advance, to take his hand, and to kiss it with respect;—and I yielded to the impulse of the moment; I fell upon my knees, as if I had been his own son, and he had granted me his long-protracted pardon.—He did not raise us—but wept a long time, hiding his face, returning now and then to the cradle of the infant, whom he viewed with love and sorrow. All the witnesses of this scene, silent and affected, gave themselves up to different gestures of surprise, of tenderness, and joy. Love and gratitude were never manifested by expressions more lively or more affecting; and as nothing but fury was visible an hour before, so the triumph of victorious nature was now peaceable and affecting. That father, so cruel, so inflexible, appeared ashamed of the excess which he had given himself up to: his confusion between a son, a grandson, and a daughter, formed a picture, which would require a pencil much more able than mine to delineate.—It was thus that the innocent smiles of a feeble infant disarmed the anger of an irritated man, which any one else would vainly have endeavoured to assuage.

“O nature! O nature!” said I to myself, “behold the effects of thy power! Thou hast drawn the secret thread which unites the hearts of all thy children, and thy children have obeyed thee!”

We must return to thee, O divine mother of all things, whenever our souls renew their natural functions, to be either humane, or virtuous, or happy. The father could not satiate himself with the view of this new-cherished infant, which had before been the cause of all his fury. He promised himself the pleasure of presenting his little grandchild to all his family; the mother dried up her tears, but even they were tears of gladness. The young man embraced me in silence; and I, satisfied with the victory of nature, departed; carrying away with me the delicious pleasure of having seen all things change according to their wishes and to mine.

W. G. KING.

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### VASSALAGE IN ENGLAND.

IN the days of our gothic ancestors, society was composed, in this nation, of barons, their dependants or vassals, and villains. The latter order of human beings was estimated as so many heads of cattle or live stock on the land: for by the fifth article of *Magna Charta*, the waste of men or things on an estate was prohibited. Such was the comparative consideration in which the people were classed.

This distinction in the ranks of society was determined by the different natures of their tenures under their chiefs: whether it was base or noble, servile or military, by the soc or the sword. If the land was held by socage, the occupiers were slaves, and bound to work for their masters. The lower classes consisted of two bodies, one of which was the villains in gross, slaves transferable with the land, or who formed a chief article of export to foreign countries, and to Ireland. The other class consisted of artificers, who were to serve the barons with all things of use or ostentation, belonging to clothing or habitation. The bondage of this order was gradually broken; and such was the dread of its revival, that every member of the body, when he took up his freedom, was forced to promise upon oath, that he would not take as an apprentice one who was bound in blood. This form existed lately, and I believe continues to this day, in the oath of a freeman of Bristol.—*Clarke's Strength and Opulence of the British Nation.*

## MACDONALD'S COTTAGE.

*(Continued from page 338, Vol. XXIII.)*

"THAT would not frighten me away," said Maria smiling; "but I only came down for a minute; I have not time to stay; so fareweel, Miss Jeanie;" and she held out her hand.

"Fareweel—God bless ye, my sweet bairn," said Miss Jeanie, kindly grasping the fair proffered hand. "Ye're gaun awa to gay places, whar ane sae bonnie sud be; an', maybe, winna hae time to think o' Glenquair; bit we'll aye think o' you, an' wus ye weel; O, bit Allan 'ell hae sair missing ye, he'll think unco lang for the castle."

Maria involuntarily turned her eyes on Macdonald; and his look of tenderness and regret, mingling with the grief that was at her heart, overcame her borrowed composure, and sinking against the cottage door, she burst into an uncontrollable fit of tears.

Macdonald grew pale; every nerve trembled: he could only seize her hand, and falter out, "Maria!"

Miss Jeanie stared at him; and a vague suspicion of the truth came to pale her cheek as much as his, while she whispered, scarcely articulate through dismay—

"O, Allan! what wull the laird sae?"

Allan heard her not; his whole soul was absorbed with Maria; her hand was clasped in both his; and his sad, but fond eyes were riveted on her fair flushed face, that her spread fingers could not wholly conceal.

Maria felt all she was exposing, and vainly strove to recover her composure. The heavy sobs came like to suffocate her; and, ashamed of her weakness, she attempted to utter, "Farewell, Miss Jeanie," and walked hastily away—Macdonald followed her; and silently put her arm through his.

Miss Jeanie stood, like one confounded, gazing after them, until they entered the glen, and the trees hid them from her sight; then slowly returning to her cottage, she, sighing, thought, "Weel micht I hae guess what wad happen; weel micht I hae kent what that laddie was aye rinnin up the glen for; puir, puir lassie, hoo could she deether than like our Allan! Through the rain to see me! na, na, there wus

ane dearer to see than me—Heich hon! I min' when the stormiest day at Zule wadna hae keepit me frae the Kirk to see the Dominie; an' he was a bonnie lad, an' weel worth the gaun a mile to see.—An' what for nae a lass come o'er the hill to see our Allan? bit, lord preserve me! what wull the laird sae! this wee hoosie's nae a place to tak Græme o' Ara's dochter till—Oh hon! I doot my laddie has a sair heart yet to dree."

Seated beside each other in the glen, Macdonald endeavoured, though his heart was almost breaking, to soothe the grief of Maria: in vain he essayed; every tender word he uttered but served to render the thought of parting with him more acute; and while held to his dear breast, her heart was bursting to say, "O Allan, keep me with you; take me back to your cottage for ever."

The barking of a dog startled them from their fond position: and Macdonald had only time to fling his plaid over the terrified Maria; when a young man with a gun appeared coming down the craigs.

"Ah! Macdonald," cried he; "so these are your quiet sober habits! you will be to bed betimes to rise betimes; ah! my Cincinnatus! no wonder though your plough is sweet to follow."

"Go your ways, then, and leave me to it," said Macdonald.

"What! without beholding its construction?" cried the sportsman: "nay, man, for my benefit show me the pattern," and he approached nearer. Macdonald stepped before Maria; "you do not pass here," said he; "come, Macdougald, you were not wont to be a rude intruder."

"One peep, then, beneath the plaid," replied Macdougald.

"Not one," answered Macdonald; "are we to part good friends?"

"Yes, unless I turn envious," said Macdougald.

"You have certainly turned presuming," returned Macdonald; "had I found you so engaged, I should have taken another path as quickly as possible."

"Why, you look as if you would fight me," said Macdougald laughing.

"My actions will not scruple to fulfil my looks," replied Macdonald, vexed beyond endurance; "you see I am engaged:

therefore, Macdougald, walk away, unless you downright wish to insult me; for your longer stay I shall consider and resent as such."

"Come, come, Macdonald, you are getting too warm upon it? so your love is really bound up in that plaid?"

"It is," said Macdonald fiercely; "and since you do not seem to know what is due to the affections of a man, I will teach you, that what is loved will be fought for;" so darting forward as he spoke, and seizing Macdougald by the breast, he flung him down the woody craigs.

The noise and rustling of his fall completely terrified the already frightened Maria; she forgot her concealment, and throwing aside the plaid, she sprung upon her feet, and with a shriek that made the woods ring, rushed forward to Macdonald.

"Oh God! has he hurt you?"

"No, no," cried Macdonald, in a breathless whisper; "fly, fly Maria, before he rises, and I will prevent him seeing you."

"But what is to become of you?" said Maria, in gasping agitation.

"Nothing; he is but a boy in my hands; fly, for God's sake, Maria; I would rather he had my life than your name."

Maria, like a bird senseless with fright, fled through the trees at random; and Macdonald springing down the glen, went to assist Macdougald to extricate himself from the tangled broom and ferns, into which he had sunk over the head.

"Well," said he laughing, "how do you like the peep beneath the plaid, Macdougald?"

Macdougald rose in great wrath; but not being one of the brightest nor the bravest of men, he only vapoured for a little, and then joined in the laugh against himself with Macdonald; and at last fairly owned that his curiosity deserved his tumble.

He had rolled down too deep amongst the braken to be able to perceive Maria; and Macdonald went home, overjoyed at her having escaped discovery; but feeling very deeply concerned at the thought of her name, through him, having nearly become the talk of the country, from the impertinent intrusion of a babbling blockhead.

Maria, through the long forenoon, suffered perfect martyr-

dom, in the dread and apprehension of what might have been the result of Macdonald's rough treatment of Macdougald. When she saw him at dinner, her joy almost made her faint, and a smiling whisper from him—"That Macdougald had got all he wanted," made the pang of parting even lighter.

When the last "good night" came, Maria's voice completely failed her; it was no longer a transient, half pressure of the hand she gave him; but a long and tender clasp, that took away voice from Macdonald as well as from herself. She left in his hand a small locket with a lock of her hair, and then—Maria's eyes saw nothing, for Macdonald was gone.

Græme of Ara and his family were to spend some time with a relation, on their way to Edinburgh, a Colonel Græme, who, although not rich, yet had enough wherewith to live in a genteel style, and to entertain his friends comfortably. His only son, a captain in the army, was at home during Ara's visit; and the first sight of Maria bound him her's beyond change. She could not be blind to his attachment, and treated him so coldly, that she effectually prevented any declaration of his sentiments by words; but he mentioned his resolve to follow them to Edinburgh in a very short time.

Arrived in Edinburgh, however, Maria's vexation, on account of Walter Græme's pursuit, was, most unfortunately for them all, driven from her mind. Her only brother was seized with a severe illness that, in a fortnight's time, carried him to the grave.

Words could not paint the affliction this sad and unlooked-for event caused in the family; besides being most tenderly beloved for his own sake, he was the only heir to the estates of Ara; which, being strictly entailed on the male line, passed from the present Ara's family, if he died without leaving a son, to a distant branch of the same stock.

There was no hope of another heir; Lady Mary Græme had been long in an ailing state, and their youngest child was in her eleventh year. To Ara himself the blow seemed almost fatal; his spirits forsook him, and he talked in the most gloomy strain of the poverty his daughters would be left in, and the retrenchments that would now be necessary in his household and equipage. Lady Mary was almost continually in tears, and for ever bewailing her daughters' lot; un-

til the young ones began to believe that life was undesirable without riches; and Maria was, a thousand times, about to exclaim "Let me go to Allan Macdonald in Glenquair; his cottage will be wealth enough for me." But Maria's heart alone heard these words; love had made her quick sighted; and every coming day but served to terrify her more and more into the conviction that Macdonald's proposals would never be approved by her proud father, nor her attachment receive any countenance from her mother.

C. B. M.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### THE CAVILLER REFUTED.

A CERTAIN man went to a dervise, and proposed three questions:—“1st. Why do they say God is omnipresent? I do not see him in any place: shew me were he is.—2nd. Why is man punished for his crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God? Man has no free will, for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God; and if he had power, he would do every thing for his own good.—3d. How can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element? and what impression can fire have on itself?”

The dervise took up a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the Cazy, and said,—“I proposed three questions to a certain dervise, who threw a clod of earth at my head, and made my head ache.” The Cazy having sent for the dervise, asked, “Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?” The dervise replied, “the clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says, he has a pain in his head; let him shew me the pain, and I will make God visible to him. And why does he exhibit a complaint against me? whatever I did was the act of God. I did not strike him without the will of God. What power do I possess? And as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer pain from that element?” The man was confounded, and the Cazy highly pleased with the dervise's answer.

## THE MAID OF AFRICA.

"Her head sunk with sorrow, when he left her, as the desert bird drops its languid wing; its plumage enriching in hues under the pangs of death; so her silent grief caused her beauties to appear with increased loveliness."

*From an original Arab Song.*

"How sweet the moon-light sleeps on yonder hills!" ejaculated the bride of Don Alphonso d'Estella, while gazing from the open viranda of the mirador in her garden; which, from its situation on the side of the high land of Andalusia, there overlooked the opposite coast of Barbary.—"Ah!" responded her sister, "assuredly that is the land of Love's nativity; and the rosy blush of his first breath yet lingers on those gently undulating shores!"—"The sea, too," returned the lady with a soft sigh, "reflects the balmy light; and the vessels which glide on its waves, seem like sparkling gems on the bosom of beauty, so imperceptible is their heaving motion.—Would we were in one of them, and sailing to that shore!"

A deeper sigh, drawn, as if almost unconsciously, by a lovely native of that very Africa both sisters were apostrophizing, and who had lately become their guest, hardly required the profound pathos of the exclamation which followed it.—"Ah!" cried she, "well may that sea be the halcyon's nest, for it carries the treasure of all our hearts!"—"True," replied the younger sister; "that sea bears the objects of Rosalia's love, and yours; your husbands!—But I, fancy free, only think of the land beyond it, such as our country's old ballads of the Moors speak of it, when our hearts and our blood mingled with theirs in amity, not strife; and who, then, loved so tenderly as an African lover?" "Sweet Inez!" cried the beautiful daughter of that dusky region," ask Henna to tell thee a tale of her friend, who lived many moons' journeys beyond that Barbary coast; and thou shalt hear of love, more tender than the trembling touch of the mimosa flower; of love, more faithful than the kebir tree, which, firmly rooted, breasts the mountain whirlwinds; of love, born of the soul, and, on earth even, tasting of paradise!"

"We ask thee, then, dear Henna!" returned Donna d'Estella, "and while my husband's gallant ship carries thine on their happy errand to free thy captive brother from yon cor-

sair harbour, thou shalt teach my sister to believe that love can exist beyond the limits of a Moorish ditty, and that all his arrows were not buried beneath the ruins of Al Hambra." Inez smiled, and took the hand of their young guest. It seemed the dazzling lilly by the side of its lovely shadow; so equally exquisitely formed was each beautiful hand. "Sweet Henna," said she, "if thy tale is melting as the voice that promises it, thou mayest make me a convert!"—"Oh! would it might be!" returned the other with a sudden energy; then adding more gently, as if speaking the rest to herself, she half breathed, "but if such prayer had always been granted me, should I have been so happy now?" Her eyes looked down for a moment, then with her hand pressed on the slight caftan that veiled her bosom, she resumed, with an expression of the heart's conscious felicity blooming over her whole countenance, that presented her the very model for a Psyche.—Indeed, if the perfection of fair European womankind, were then seated there, in the persons and complexions of the Spanish sisters; the most lovely of the brown daughters of the African quarter of the globe, was also present, in the faultless form, delicate features, and native graces of the animated, yet timid Henna. "I am no gifted person," said she, "to say that which is only born of the mind.—I tell of my friend's fate, because I knew her heart as I do my own, and she hid no action from me. The sons of her father's people, for he was chief of a tribe in Fezzan, called her Mara Zené, which means the beautiful. But all is so to the soul that loves it; yet the young Zené was endowed with some charms beyond her sister maidens; and the praise be to the prophet that blessed her cradle! Still Zené's beauty was to herself alone; she could not love any of the chiefs that wooed her; they came to her window with spears and bows, and struck their shields, and counted how many enemies had died beneath their stroke. Could Zené take the blood-stained hand?—Could she yield herself to those arms of violence?—She, that trembled, when the panting flight of the hunted antelope caused her heart to throb in pity; she, that sunk on the ground, when the fall of a bird shot in the air by a shaft, opened the fountain of her tears;—could she wed such men?—ah, no; Zené could only love the merciful—and he came!—But first Zené left her home, and crossed the rocky desert of the Gibel Assoud, or black moun-

tains, to join a marriage feast at Sockna.—That city is nearer to yon sea, than my own Fezzan.—But it was not at the feast, Zené first beheld him.—Even in the hour of her arrival before the great gate of Sockna, while seated within the veil of her camel's caramoud, (its canopied saddle,) she heard the trumpets of the magnificent Sheikh Boo Khaloom, travelling from the north borders of Tripoli, to the mighty kingdom of our mountains of the moon, far to the south.—Zené had heard of him, and could not but look through her veil, and the curtain of her caramoud; and what did she see, not merely the renowned chief, and his camels, and his horses, his spearmen, and his spahies; not only the dancing girls, with the singing women, and the shouting multitude, that went out to welcome him!—The strangers from Inglesi, were there! One rode foremost, by the side of Boo Khaloom; that bearded, rugged-featured warrior, hung with the spoils of many battles, and heavy with the coats of honour bestowed on him by the great Bashaw. Such were the dreadful charms with which the young chiefs of Zené's own people, had sought her eyes to shine upon them! But far otherwise was the Inglesi Rais! Surely the sighs of her heart were then a cloud of dewy brightness round his head; for though the vision of his countenance seemed to glance and fade upon her sight, like the shrouding and gleaming of the morning star, yet she felt as if she had then met the long-wished brother of her soul. The colour of his face, was indeed, different from any she had ever beheld; and her nurse, who rode with her, told her he was a white man, and a *kafir*; meaning an infidel; and that all of his faith were so, because the prophet frowned on their obstinacy, and turning pale in their horror, they have remained like chalk-cliffs ever since! But he was not white! his face appeared to Zené, of the lightest brown that ever tinged the bosom of a Fezzan antelope. And our suns had made it so; seeming to stamp that noble Inglesi for an adopted African. But it was decreed that it should not be. However, I will not interrupt myself. To Zené's eyes no hue of skin was then observable. It was the gracious smile from rank to rank; the tender glance of a shrinking pity, with which he curbed his prancing steed, and prevented it treading on the body of a poor negro slave, who had fallen dead from the accidental stroke of a brandished club in one of the skirmishing guard's

hands. The hoofs of several horses had already trampled it, but the Inglesi checked his rein, and looked down upon the poor slave with compassion in the motion. O! if he could so spare the insensible remains of a creature that no longer had life, what would be his mercy, Zené thought, to that which breathed, and needed it! She then felt that she could love those eyes so full of goodness, and marvelled at the sweet delight that glowed within her. It was new to her; she had never known that kindling glow before; and it seemed to mingle her soul with his she looked upon.—His image, from that moment, was as present in her breast as if it were a little mirror, and his form were reflected there.—But she saw him again at Sockna, at the marriage festival of her friend.

"It is a custom in that city for the maiden companions of the bride to place themselves beside her within the recess of the open window of her apartment, at which she is seated, where it faces the corrol or inner court of her parent's house, to receive the respects of all the young chiefs, the bridegroom's friends; but herself and her companions, are always wrapped close in their veils, though I do not say that they do not a little move them aside to view the novel scene.—The nuptial singers and dancers precede the chiefs; but when they enter, all stand aside, and the softness of the low-toned instruments alone remains, to which the chiefs move in a kind of harmonious step. It is meant to presage the happy years of the wedded pair.—But what was the bound in Zené's heart!—the Inglesi Rais appeared in the midst of the gratulatory train.—O! how did her gaze hurry from every passing figure of her own warrior people, clad in their martial robes, or gorgeous barracans, dagger-hilted belts, and shining turbans; pride in every eye, conscious power over woman, hardly allowing them to pay her the homage of a glance, while bending the haughty neck, and laying the strong hand upon the lordly heart, accustomed to triumph over, and command, alike their enemies, and the object of their love. The Rais moved on; his habit also was of the brave; the scarlet caftan of his Inglesi country was buckled on his breast with braids of gold, while a light bornouse half shaded it from view; but his red turban bore no other ornament than the manly simple grace with which he had folded it round his head, shewing a brow, broad and fair as the moon when she fills her crescent, and shines

upon the peaceful waters.—His eyes were blue, and like those peaceful waters.—With mildest lustre they turned towards the bride, and seemed to bless her, from the very depth of the heart his brave hand pressed. Zené trembled.—Her veil was indeed undrawn, at least from before her eyes, and they met his passing glance.—He looked again, and gazed, and smiled, and bowed to her! What arrow of her brother's quiver was ever more sure to its mark? the shaft was in her heart, and the wound closed over it—and yet, but again I say, I will not anticipate.—Zené saw him a third time, and then she heard him speak. But she re-trod the stoney wilderness first; and then it was in her own Arab home, at Zeghren, called the heart of Fezzan, for it lies in the very middle of the country.—Her brother was one of the native chiefs chosen by the great Bashaw to shield the heads of the Inglesi travellers through our land.—Zené, though dressed with all the care of her maidens, in the slight turheddie, which rather shadowed her person than concealed it; and with costly silver rings, not only in her ears, but round her wrists and ankles; and a neck-band of gold in chains, which her father, (now with the prophet) had brought from yon very coast of Barbary! She, but with a veil covering all from head to foot, according to the commands of her mother, bore the offering of hospitality to the stranger; the bread and the salt, the milk and the honey-cakes for his refreshment; and her hand, in presenting the tray, quivered like a palm-leaf; her knee almost bent, and, might have done so, had he not spoken, and taken the tray; but what he said, she then knew not, though the sounds seemed to her the breath of the turtle, and her soul, trembling, yet shrinking, fluttered under the fanning wing!—He remained her brother's guest during the noon of that day, nay even to the cooling hour of the setting forth; and all that time, she sat apart, and silently marked the gentle Inglesi.—Zené's mother was privileged to sit by her son; and she watched the stranger's words, and loved the speaker, as if he had drank at her own bosom. When he parted thence, he presented offerings of gratitude to the venerable woman; and he cast a look towards the curtained recess where Zené had retired.—That look was Zene's riches.—And the moons, and the suns, which followed that moment, deepened the memories it had planted within her, for she thought on him all day, and of his pity to the poor

dead negro: and at night her dreams were full of him, and they told her that he had again seen her eyes, though through her thick veil; that he knew them to be the same he had made his salam to at Sockna, and that now he saw all she thought within them; and, that he loved her!—What were the words those dreams whispered? Ah, they made her vain; for they talked of her eyes, black, bright, and languid, as the gaze of the mountain gazells; and of her smile, like opening pearls in the bosom of the dewy rose! But whose voice did indeed utter those words, and with tears?—Rais, it was not thine!—He passed away; and moons passed; and he came again.—Journeying a second time, through the borders of Zeghren, his rest was to be made with his Arab friend.—He chanced to enter the inner court alone, and thence into the entrance chamber.—Zené had seen him from the little window of her apartment, which looked into the corrol; and the spirit of her dreams seemed to hover near, and bade her welcome him as became her brother's friend.—She took a bowl of fresh milk, fragrant as the meadow flowers, and a bunch of dates, and placing them on a salver, with timid footsteps, found herself in his presence.—She held it to him; and in the agitation of her movement, the part of her veiling dress which concealed her face, fell from her head upon her shoulders!—The Rais started; for he saw the damsel's heart in that face; she could no longer hide its blushes from herself, and bending it down upon her bosom, she spoke she knew not what of welcome.—Then her tears flowed in torrents from her eyes; for Zené feared he might deem her service, and the heart he saw, those of woman as man's slave.—But he respected and he pitied the Arab maid. Though not so fair as the ladies of his Ingiese; or, perhaps of any other European land, he took her hand and gently pressed it, saying sweet words of thanks; oh! so sweet, in her native Arabic, that she again forgot all but himself, and smiling through her dropping tears, she said—" You are the first man, not my brother, who ever touched this hand, or met the unveiled glance of those seeking eyes! But you are of my kindred in dreams; and there the fatah (the betrothment,) has been read over us; for though you are now an Insara, (a Christian,) you are the friend of my brother!—And for his sister, you will become a moslem,—My mother tells me so; and my prayers seek it, day and night!"

"What the Rais would have answered, Zené could not know; for at that moment Ben Saffenasser, her brother, hastily entered, and seeing his sister thus unveiled, he started, frowning on her, and she fled. With him was a young chief, commonly called Ben Gibel, from his mountain tribe. A glance told him, that her blushes were full of love for the Rais; and a glance told him what was in the Rais' thoughts; but that he whispered to no living being.—He loved the sister of Ben Seffenasser; but he had only come from his mountains to her mother's house, since the damsel's eyes had been sealed with the image of the Rais; and they were sensible to no other object. Deep were the silent laments that evening, when the Rais and her brother discoursed of parting beyond the southern desert; and Zené heard from within her curtained chamber, of the unknown regions, beyond the clouds on those wizard mountains, he came from his great sultan to penetrate. She sighed with the foreboding of her soul; but no ear caught its sound save one; he looked towards the curtain; but Zené wished it had been other eyes.—Noble Ben Gibel, she did not then look, to read what was in thine! but, listen ladies, without those deep regards on mine; and you shall hear of a love, strong as the lion, and tender as the dove."

Inez smiled, and folding her arm playfully round the waist of the beautiful African, softly whispered—"Keep but that Ben Gibel for my Arab lover, and then I care not for any of all the Moorish gallants who ever sighed their souls into their ladies' bosoms!"

Zené smiled in her turn, and resumed.

J. P.

*To be concluded in our next.*

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#### ORIGIN OF BARBERS' POLES.

THE barber's art was so beneficial to the public, that he who first brought it up at Rome, had a statue erected to his memory, as authors relate; and in England they were in some sort the surgeons in ancient times, and therefore hung their basins out; and to make known at a distance to the weary and wounded traveller, where all might have recourse, they used poles, as some inns gibbet their sign across a town.—*Athenian Oracle.*

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**NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

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**HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, &c.**

**SECRET MEMOIRS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE,** during the Revolution. By a Lady of Rank. 2 vols. 8vo.—This work, if we are to believe the professions of the author, is the production of a lady who was in the confidential service of the Princess de Lamballe, one of the early victims of popular fury at the French Revolution, from whose Journal, Letters, and Conversations, the "Memoirs" are professedly compiled. A specious story is related of the intimacy between the lady of rank and the unfortunate Italian Princess, and of the manner in which the former became the depositary of the secret intelligence which the latter may be supposed to have derived from her situation in the French court. The details with which we are furnished, however, are far from being satisfactory; and the composition and general character of the work are little adapted to dispel the doubts, which may arise relative to the truth of the prefatory statement. Hence we are disposed to consider these memoirs as of very uncertain authenticity. They are, however, lively and amusing in some parts, and interesting in others; and, no doubt, comprise much information which is substantially correct, whatever may have been the real source whence it was procured.

**VOYAGE TO ST. HELENA** in the *Bellerophon*, with Napoleon Buonaparte. 8vo.—Notwithstanding so much has been already communicated to the public relative to the personal history of the late French Emperor, this volume will be highly acceptable to the lovers of anecdote. It appears to be the production of Captain Maitland, commander of the vessel in which Napoleon was transported to St. Helena. We shall only add, that the impression which the narrative leaves on the reader's mind respecting the character of the exiled chief, is rather favourable than otherwise.

**THE MODERN TRAVELLER;** or a Popular Description of the Globe.—We noticed this work, with approbation, soon after the commencement of its publication in parts, some time since, and we take the present opportunity to state that the style and manner in which it is continued are highly creditable to the editor and publisher. A volume has just appeared containing an account of the Birman Empire, a country which our recent warlike undertakings in India have rendered peculiarly interesting.

### BIOGRAPHY.

**THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FREDERICK REYNOLDS,** written by Himself. 2 vols. 8vo.—Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, has followed the example of Charles Dibdin, Michael Kelly, and other persons connected with the stage, in presenting the world with reminiscences of his varied career through life. He has produced a couple of most amusing volumes, plentifully interspersed with wit and anecdote. Indeed, few persons are better qualified than the author to communicate information in an agreeable manner; and we scarcely need remark, that he has exerted his talents with great effect.

**THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MAJOR CARTWRIGHT.** Edited by his Niece, F. D. Cartwright. 2 vols. 8vo.—Few individuals were ever more esteemed in private life than the late Major Cartwright; and though, as a public character, he is not likely to be the object of general or unqualified approbation, yet his talents and conduct were such as to render him worthy of commemoration, and ample justice is done to him in the present work. As the production of a lady, it demands some indulgence; but it is, on the whole, respectably executed.

**AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.**—A Series of Lives of Persons of both Sexes, written by themselves. 18mo.—The first portion only of this work has made its appearance, containing the lively memoir of Colley Cibber. It will be followed by a variety of similar compositions, forming a curious and interesting history of human intellect and manners.

### NOVELS.

**CONTINENTAL ADVENTURES:** A Novel. 3 vols.—This publication is said to be from the pen of a lady, who, several years ago, produced a popular work intitled "Rome in the Nineteenth Century." The narrative of these volumes is fictitious; but much information is introduced which has been derived from an actual tour through France, Italy, and other parts of Europe. This mixture of fact and fiction has been rendered very amusing by the talents of the authoress.

**GASTON DE BLONDEVILLE;** or the Court of Henry III. Keeping Festival in Ardenne. A Romance, by Anne Radcliffe.—Posthumous works frequently disappoint the reader's expectations; for they are in general either unfinished productions, or pieces which their authors regarded as not calculated to increase their fame. The present work is of the latter description; and Mrs. Radcliffe seems to have shewn her judgment in withholding it from publication. We meet with little in it to remind us of the powerful enchantress who agitated and delighted us

with the Mysteries of Udolpho. Dulness pervades the narrative in Gaston de Blondeville, the writer having copied the style and manner of other novelists, instead of giving the reins to her imagination, and treating us with the flights of her own fancy, as on former occasions.

TRUTH, a Novel. By the author of Nothing. 3 vols. 12mo.—Novels used formerly to be considered as works merely calculated to afford amusement; now they are made the vehicles of history, philosophy, and even of divinity. Voltaire and Diderot disseminated, by means of their tales, the principles of infidelity; and the author of Nothing, through a similar medium, inculcates his peculiar notions of religion. The work before us is liable to objection on this account, though by no means the production of an ordinary mind.

SPECIMENS OF GERMAN ROMANCE, selected and translated from various Authors. 3 vols. 12mo.—These tales are well adapted to display the character of that species of German literature to which they belong, and to illustrate the peculiarities of national manners. The translator is Mr. George Soane, of whose talents and ability as a Translator, we have before had occasion to speak in the highest terms. See vol. xiv. p. 334.

#### POETRY.

WORCESTER FIELD; or the Cavalier; a Poem, in four Cantos, with Historical Notes. By Agnes Strickland. 12mo.—This poem puts us in mind of Marmion and Rokeby, and the comparison is by no means favourable to the authoress. Some passages occur not destitute of merit; but the work is deficient in interest, and possesses no beauties of style, or sublimity of sentiment, sufficient to counterbalance that radical defect.

ABBASSAH; a Poem, in two Cantos. 8vo.—This poem relates to the story of the loves and misfortunes of Giaffier and Abbassah, the prime minister and the sister of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, which has been the theme of many an Oriental bard. As a composition it is liable to the same objections with the foregoing.

SOLITARY HOURS. By the Authoress of "Ellen Fitzarthur."—These little poems display much talent and feeling, and are altogether very pleasing productions.

ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY, a Metrical Tale; with some Pieces of Poetry. By Anne Radcliffe. St. Alban's Abbey seems to have been a literary exercise of the authoress, by way of trying her powers as an imitator of Sir Walter Scott. The experiment has not succeeded, and it was scarcely worth while to make the public acquainted with its failure. Some of the shorter pieces are not unworthy of the genius and taste of Mrs. Radcliffe.

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

TAVERN ANECDOTES, and Reminiscences of the Origin of Signs, Clubs, Coffee-houses, Streets, City Companies, Wards, &c. intended for a Lounge-Book for Londoners and their Country Cousins. By one of the Old School. 12mo.—This is an amusing volume, the general contents of which are sufficiently indicated by the title.

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**Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.**

**Aérostation**—M. Cornillot, a French gentleman, accompanied by a Mr. Joliffe, ascended from the vicinity of St. John's-wood, on the 17th inst. with the avowed object of making some meteorological experiments, the result of which has not been communicated to the public.

**Curious Fact in Natural History**.—Live cockles have recently been found in a peat-moss, in Yorkshire, at a great distance from the sea.

**Rossini** is expected in London shortly, to superintend the performance of a new opera which he has composed.

**Northern Expedition**.—Dispatches have been received from Captain Franklin, dated Fort Franklin, Great Bear-lake, September 6th, announcing the probability of ultimate success.

**M. Eulenstein**, a performer on the Jews'-harp, has had the honour of playing before his Majesty, and many persons of high rank, who are said to have been delighted with the exhibition.

**Miss Landon**.—The Golden Violet, with Tales of Romance and Chivalry, and other Poems, by L. E. L. will be published early in Autumn.

**The late Emperor of Russia**.—Memoirs of the Life and Reign of Alexander I. by Dr. Lyall, are announced for immediate publication.

**Earthquake**.—In October last, an earthquake happened at Sheraz, in Persia, which destroyed the tombs of the celebrated poets—Saadi and Hafez, as well as other national monuments.

**The Diorama**.—This fashionable and charming exhibition still continues as attractive as ever; and a second visit to it which we lately made, so far from satisfying our curiosity, only pointed out new beauties, which in our first we had not observed.

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION  
FOR JULY, 1826.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of white satin, trimmed with a full flounce of the same material, pinked at the edge, and surmounted by two rows of quilling, pinked in a similar manner. The body is made low, and the fulness across the bust is confined by a satin bow in the centre. The sleeves are full and short, ornamented with a quilling to correspond with the skirt. Necklace, bracelets, and ear-pendants of finely-wrought gold.—White kid gloves and satin shoes.

PROMENADE DRESS.

A DRESS of delicate salmon-coloured *gros de Naples*. The skirt is long and finished with two deep flounces of the same material. The body is half high, made full, and confined with satin. The sleeves are long and full, and fastened at the wrist with gold bracelets. With this elegant dress is worn a cambric habit-shirt, with a broad falling collar, edged with needle-work of the finest pattern. A shawl of pink Chinese crape is thrown carelessly over the arm. Hat of white chip, ornamented with bows of riband, intermixed with flowers of various colours.—Limerick gloves, and shoes, to correspond with the dress.

HEAD-DRESS.—In the most fashionable parties an improvement is introduced in the head-dress, by one or two bows being sufficiently forward to form part of the front; the front hair raised extremely high, in large curls, but very light. The braid is drest in large bows, not exceeding three or four in number. Small flowers, elegantly arranged between the bows, are more in favour than any other ornament.

These dresses were invented Miss PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and the Head-dress, by Mr. COLLEY, Bishops-gate within.



# Fashionable Evening & Promenade Dresses for July 1820

Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub. July 1820, by Dean & Monday, Threadneedle Street.



## GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

PELISSSES of rich silks continue to be very much worn, but the pelerine capes are discontinued or exchanged for lace ones, with plaited or fall trimmings. We have seen several of muslin, trimmed with pointed, narrow lace, and lined with pale colours, particularly the marabout. Nothing can exceed the lady-like character of this pelisse, which unites the dress-style with the compact and close costume proper for walking or riding. Next to this charming summer habiliment, we would recommend the tea-green silk, which we have observed within the last ten days, as being cool-looking and genteel: but it must not be worn by ladies of pale or olive complexions.

Walking dresses of lavender-coloured *gros de Naples*, are much admired; they are lightly trimmed round the skirt with a double row of pinked quilling of the same material as the dress. The body is made half high, and the sleeves large and full. With this elegant dress is worn a muslin habit-shirt, the collar of which is made large and beautifully embroidered.

Bonnets are not so loaded with trimming as they were a little time ago; we have seen several ladies of rank wearing chip bonnets of pure white, tied down with a gauze riband, of the same colour, without any other ornament. At the Opera, hats are still prevalent, but they are also less loaded; and being universally made of light materials, have an agreeable effect. Hats of French willow, or white chip, are the most prevalent; they are ornamented with various coloured gauze, such as lemon and violet, lemon and green, with sprigs of summer flowers.

Evening dresses are now very beautiful, being at once light in effect, yet rich in their trimming. The waists are still long, and sometimes too much so. The long ganze sleeve is now fast disappearing; and the short one, richly ornamented, affords a most agreeable variety; it is frequently trimmed with a triple fulness of falling blond, and at the top with bows of the same material as the skirt, which have a very good effect.

A dress of book-muslin, worn over a slip of lemon-coloured *gros de Naples*, is also a great favourite. The bottom of the dress is beautifully embroidered or finished with three elegantly worked flounces; the sleeves are generally made long and full, over a short full one of the same material as the slip. A pink

or blue slip may also be worn with this pretty summer dress, though we think that of lemon-colour much more genteel.

Pink (the favourite colour of youth) is very prevalent, but white is still more in vogue at the present moment. Small *ba-rége* handkerchiefs, of various hues, are universal. The long pelérine tippet is much worn in the parks and gardens towards evening; but this lighter material is not the less in demand as a preservative to the throat from the sun-beams out of doors, and draughts of air within.

Morning dresses are universally made *à la vierge* at the bust, and the skirt is trimmed with triple flounces of the same material as the dress. Great care is taken in the goring of these dresses, so as to throw all the gathers into one close fulness behind. The sleeves are exceedingly full at the top, and contracted by a gradual slope towards the wrist, which has a very agreeable effect: when any ornament is placed about the waist, it is generally in straight lines, and gives somewhat of an antique character, which, in a well-shaped female, is highly pleasing.

At the Opera, Vauxhall, and other delightful places of amusement, feathers are much worn.—The most fashionable colours for dresses are lemon-colour, violet, primrose, and the various shades of blue.

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### THE PARISIAN TOILET.

*Paris, June 15, 1826.*

EVERY day produces something new in the designs of muslin, jaconot, or organdy dresses: nothing can be more light and graceful than the novelties of this kind which have appeared within the last eight days. Quadrilled squares, yellow and lilac, rose and iron-grey &c. present to the amateurs of the Scottish plaid all that can be agreeable to the sight, or soft to the touch. The organdy with fluted sides, bird of paradise colour, and lilac; that with a rose, yellow, or blue ground, having the designs printed in black or brown, possess the same advantages. We have also again to mention dresses of white organdy, having printed borders between the large folds. Some of these dresses, gracefully worn, produce the most charming effect.—Dresses of *côte-pali*, with shaded lines, are still in vogue; the prettiest are of vine-lees and rose-colour, yellow and brown,

The flounces are always trimmed with an embroidery of the colour the most striking in the dress.—White dresses continue to gain in favour: they are trimmed with three high muslin flounces, pinked with large notches, each surrounded with a full festoon, forming zigzags. On some coloured muslin dresses are placed white flounces, embroidered and festooned in colour, mixed with that which prevails most in the ground of the dress.

The morning toilets are, in general, composed of dresses of muslin or printed jaconot. We have already said, that the small detached bouquets were in good taste; we have now to add a mosaic muslin, the designs of which form small lozenges placed in bias, and very close to each other. These lozenges, pointed with cachemire designs, produce a charming effect on muslins of white ground.—As to the form of the *corsage*, there is no longer a question but the *canezou* are the most delightful article of dress which fashion has ever invented; they hold the place of all other ornament: thus how many husbands are pleased to find their wives confining themselves to wearing small dresses of muslin or gingham, the price of which do not exceed twenty or twenty five francs each? Alas! in their ignorance, they are not aware that an elegant *canezou*, of from sixty to eighty francs, can alone give perfection to that toilet, the simplicity of which they so much admire.—Round pelerines are also much worn, trimmed with *ruches* of tulle. It is only in disabilie that pelerines are worn similar to the dress. Tulle is much used, embroidered in the bouquet style for *canezous* and long sleeves; the trimming ought then to be of lace; but when the *canezou* is of smooth tulle, it is bordered with *ruches*.—The *pates*, which are placed above the wrist-band of the white sleeves, are very long, and ascend nearly a third part up the arm; they are trimmed *en ruche*, with embroidery, or lace, and are fastened by a beautiful button: sometimes they are made winding round the arm. The collars which are put on the *canezous* of organdy, are generally formed by three points, one of which falls over the back, making a *fichu*; the others are placed on each shoulder. Sometimes long bands of organdy serve for a knot to this collar.

A *redingote* of *gros de Naples*, of a pearl grey colour, with a collar in the form of a pelerine, is the favourite attire of an elegant matron. With this dress is worn a Leghorn hat, ornamented with large knots of white satin ribands; and a beautiful

blond forming a half-veil entirely round the brim. For young ladies of fashion, nothing can be more elegant than a dress of rose-coloured organdy, sulphur, or white, adorned with a rich *canezou* with long sleeves; the *corsage* half-mounting; that is, without collar, and a little figure round the neck, where two rows of tulle are placed in plaited quillings.—A Leghorn hat of the pelerine shape, entirely round, is worn with this beautiful dress; it is ornamented with a single riband round the head, and fastened on the side; some branches of white roses are placed in front of the hat. The following are also among the newest and most fashionable costumes which have appeared since our last report.

1.—A walking dress of blue *gros de Naples*, trimmed with three flounces of Scotch plaid of the same material. The body is made full and square in the front. An epaulette, trimmed to correspond with the bottom of the dress, falls over a loose gauze sleeve, confined at the wrist by an elegant gold bracelet.—Hat of rice straw, ornamented with plumes of ostrich feathers.

2.—A carriage dress of white organdy, trimmed with five rows of flounces, *en ruche*. The body is low, with a large full sleeve. A *barège* scarf, brought to a point in the centre of the back, and confined at the shoulders with bows of satin riband of the same colour as the scarf, brought again to a point in front of the waist and fastened by a band and buckle. Leghorn hat, ornamented with sprigs of jessamine.

3.—A promenade dress of *côte-pali*, trimmed with two scalloped flounces of the same material, edged with shaded braid. The sleeves are of white tulle, with a full pelerine of the same, edged with trimming *en ruche*.—Leghorn hat, ornamented with ribands and corn-flowers.

4.—A dress of pink quadrilled muslin, trimmed with two full flounces of the same. A pointed pelerine of beatifully embroidered organdy. A full gauze sleeve over a short one of the same material as the dress. Hat of pink *gros de Naples*, ornamented with ears of wheat and bows of the same.

5.—An evening dress of white *barège*, trimmed with two flounces, edged with Scotch plaid *gros de Naples*. The body is made tight with short full sleeves. A long sash of *gros de Naples*, tastefully twisted round the sleeve and bust, and confined at the left side of the waist with long ends. Head-dress.—

The hair is beautifully arranged in bows of hair intermixed with Scotch plaid, to correspond with the trimming of the dress.

6.—An opera dress of *côte-pali*, trimmed with two vandyked flounces set on in waves. A full body of white tulle, with full sleeves. *Canezou* and cuffs to correspond. A crape hat ornamented with flowers.

Hats of rice-straw are very prevalent; the shape is entirely round; the brim is ornamented by a very high blond, which forms the veil: marabouts, or seven or eight short flat feathers, adorn these half-dress hats. Handsome *capotes* of *gros de Naples* are still worn; but the newest are of white crape, trimmed with blond, and sometimes ornamented with flowers, but oftener with large knots of gauze and satin ribands. Trimmings of flowers, feathers, or yellow ribands, are always in very good taste for hats of rice-straw. The greater part of Leghorn or Swiss hats are trimmed with white and yellow satin ribands and sewed together. The manner of placing the knots partakes of great uniformity. Four or five large *coques* on the right side are placed on the top of the head, whence issues a large riband which crosses the head behind and is fastened under a knot placed on the right side. Three or four points of riband, often mixed with tulle, are fixed under the brim where the loops are placed. On thirty hats we may safely say, there are not four, the ornaments of which are arranged in a different manner.

The coloured ribands which are worn on morning hats, are nearly all of Scotch plaid gauze, of a very large width.

Some fashionables wear round the neck several rows of gold chains, which, being raised from distance to distance by agraffes, or cameos, form a sort of drapery on the breast.

A new kind of bracelet is much admired, composed of gold and turquoise, and fastened in like manner from distance to distance, representing a rich drapery, which surrounds the arm.

The Egyptian bracelets are among the newest which have appeared: they are composed of three rows of stones cut in the form of a lozenge and interlaced with small gold chains. This new kind of bracelet unites lightness, elegance, and simplicity.

THE

**APOLLONIAN WREATH.****VISIONS FROM THE EAST.****VISION, NO. II.**

WHY should we sigh and shake the head, because the storm  
hath burst,

Though now the flowers of hope are dead, which in our hearts  
we nurst?—

A gleam of heavenly light may come, a beam from Paradise,  
And they once more may spring and bloom beneath unclouded  
skies.

An islet of celestial bliss hath been my fancy's child,  
And there, for many a wayward hour, I've been a wand'rer wild,  
And gathered goldcups, and fair pinks, and pale anemones,  
And water-lilies, by the brinks of halcyon-covered seas!

And in that region, lone, but bright, beside me were the few  
Who still have cheered my weary lot with friendship kind and  
true;

Have tended me in sorrow's hour, when summer friends have  
fled,

And soothed, what time did phrensy pour its vial o'er my head!

And they were with me in my bliss: and our's were days of  
peace,

Eternal sunshine and soft showers, and starry nights of ease;  
And arbours of the sweetest plants that earth has ever seen,  
And waters ever calm and pure, and meadows ever green!

But these have faded from my eye—for sad and sick I pine;  
Bereft of health's blest boon, I sigh, which may no more be  
mine;

Yet there is One—a mighty One, may heavenly mercy show,  
And His the power, and His alone, sweet healing to bestow!

R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

*Prome, Birman Empire,*

Nov. 1825.

## TWILIGHT.

I LOVE the calm and quiet hour,  
Ere night assume her solemn power;  
When sinking in the western clouds,  
The god of day his brightness shrouds:  
  
When gently fading from our view,  
The varied landscape's mellowed hue,  
Embalmed in mist, serene appears,  
As Hope still smiles through pity's tears.  
  
'Tis then, when Nature seems to doze  
In that calm stillness of repose,  
The spirit wakes to musings high,  
And lapse of years come rolling by.  
  
And o'er the heart, and o'er the mind,  
There steals a feeling undefined,  
A blended train of joys and griefs,  
While her lone vigils memory keeps.  
  
But not as erst, responsive gleams  
The eye and heart at hope's gay dreams,  
Nor fades the cheek, nor throbs the pulse,  
With griefs that would the heart convulse.  
  
But in their stead, a holy calm;  
Sheds o'er the mind its heavenly balm,  
While pensive fancy on her wings,  
The hour of retrospection brings.  
  
And now while reason holds the sway,  
And e'en the heart has learnt t'obey,  
Calmly we muse on broken truth,  
And all the blighted joys of youth.  
  
What boots it, when the day is past,  
If the sun's-beams have been o'ercast?  
And thorny though the path we've trod,  
Why murmur—if it lead to God?  
  
And oh! at such an hour as this  
How sweet to think of heavenly bliss,  
When, all forgiving and forgiven,  
Our weary souls may rest in Heaven!

CONSTANCE.

## TO HIGHLAND ROY.

.....

WHEN o'er my youthful path was strewed  
    Blossoms of Hope from Fairy spray,  
E'er busy Fate, with finger rude,  
    Had swept them, one-by-one, away,—

You whisper'd farewell, dearest maid!  
    Serene and peaceful be thy lot!  
Accept this flower, it must not fade—  
    I tender thee "Forget me Not."

I wear it, and the brightest hour  
    My heart admitted infant joy,  
Amid the night song in the bower,  
    I've thought on thee, my bonnie Roy:

Remembered how thy arms entwined  
    Around my form when last we met;  
And heard the dulcet blessing kind,  
    And viewed the tear on lash of jet;

And sighed a fervent hope to heaven,  
    Another might not linger there;  
That, every trifling fault forgiven,  
    You might be its peculiar care.

And many a dark and adverse storm  
    Has beaten round my youthful head,  
Since the long past and dreary morn,  
    From which I've been to thee as dead.

Honour is seal'd on thy brow,  
    And genius fires thy ardent breast:  
O! let me dream that, even now,  
    You breathe a prayer for Marian's rest.

And should'st thou ever dare renew,  
    The rosy moments we have passed,  
Wreathe, kindly wreathe, amid the new,  
    Flowers unchanging as the last.

MARIAN.

## STANZAS

TO THAT ONE WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.

THEN fare the well! since, all in vain,  
 I've watched and wooed thy slightest smile,  
 I'd rather bear long years of pain  
 Than bliss that gleams but to beguile!  
 The day may come, perchance, when thou  
 Wilt grieve that thou so false hast been,  
 And weep that young affection now  
 No more in fields of hope may gleam!

Farewell! and if thou e'er shouldst find  
 In wandering through this waste of woe,  
 One bleeding heart, one wretched mind,  
 With griefs too deep for tears to flow;  
 Then think how each and all of these  
 Are felt by him who trusted thee—  
 By him who prays that life may cease,  
 Since now 'tis neither calm nor free.

VALENTIA.

## ODE TO SORROW.

Ah me! can sorrow such fair image bring  
 Before a mourner's eyes!—

WILSON'S SCHOLAR'S FUNERAL.

MOTHER creative of soul-humbling tears,  
 Who fill'st the breast with agonizing woe;  
 I bend beneath a weight of awful fears,  
 And to thy shrine with prostrate feeling grow.  
 Oh! let me clasp thee to my joyless heart  
 And on thy matron-bosom hang and weep,  
 And deeply wail the slow approach of death—  
 That climax (parent of my mortal part!)  
 Of earthly woe! where thou dost ever steep  
 Thine eyelids in sad tears, 'mid failing breath,  
 And tearful sabbings, and the lone lament,—  
 Heart-sick'ning sounds, that tell of grief and discontent.

Kindred and family, and bosom friend,  
 Since I became thine own adopted child,  
 All, all are gone! and I am left to wend  
 My desolate way upon life's fearful wild!  
 But thou art mighty in thy matron-love,  
 Hushing each rebel-thought with soothing voice  
 And strengthening them who long have known thy ways,  
 Now oft dost thou in chastening mood reprove  
 Whene'er irreverent, I could fain rejoice,  
 And cling upon my withered heart, and raise  
 My buried thoughts from their oblivious grave,  
 And stretch thine arm to where thy mournful banners wave!

How frequent in thy still abode have I  
 Mourned o'er my deep, my never-ending woes!  
 How have I gazed on thee with tearful eye,  
 And for thy smile have given my heart's repose!  
 And men, in scorn, have call'd me "Sorrow's child,"—  
 And calumny hath clung on my fair fame,  
 Like envious blight upon the blossomed bough;—  
 For thee I've roamed upon the ocean wild,  
 For thee abjured my country and my name;  
 Thee, in thy cell I've sought with many a vow—  
 O give me rest from earthly toil and care,  
 O guide my erring soul from crime and dark despair!

VALENTIA.

## TO GRACE G.—

Are not thy thoughts, at morning's rise,  
 When the sun is brightly beaming,  
 With youth's gay hopes and kindly ties,  
 And brilliant prospects teeming,—  
 The present day thine only care,  
 The present—cloudless seeming,  
 Thy future—as new mornings clear,  
 With expectation gleaming?  
 Then, then I will not ask of thee,  
 To turn thy thoughts and think of me.

Do not thy thoughts, at th' evening hour,  
When the sun is quickly fading,  
And night resumes her dusky frown,  
The glorious landscape shading,—  
Do not thy thoughts revert to those,  
Thy absence now upbraiding,  
As o'er the light the shadows close,  
The past comes back unfading?  
Oh! then as evening steals o'er thee;  
I'll ask thee, love, to think of me.

E. M.

## ON A THUNDER STORM.

HARK! 'tis the voice of God I hear,  
Thund'ring awful o'er my head:  
What cause has innocence to fear?  
His awful voice they need not dread.

What terrors seize the guilty breast,  
When vivid lightnings meet their eye!  
At every flash they sink opprest,  
And, trembling, fear their doom is nigh.

Oft virtue meets the fatal blow,  
His mighty purpose to fulfil;  
In pride of youth and health laid low,  
To save them from some future ill.

He bids the lurid lightning's glare;  
'Tis he the thunder bolt directs;  
The hand of God is ever near,  
In greatest dangers he protects.

Whose conscience whispers peace within,  
In his protection they're secure;  
For while his awful glories shine,  
His mercies ever do endure.

S. B.

## INVOCATION TO PENSIVENESS.

ETHEREAL maid, of Grief and Fancy born,  
Of reckless Mirth and roseate Hope, the scorn,

I love thy tear-fraught eyes,  
Thy pallid cheek, thy sighs.

Lo! virgin meek, that fly'st tumultuous day,  
Yon sky's faint purple, and bright vesper's ray,  
Greet eve, thine own soft hour,  
When nature feels thy power.

Come, nymph, our haunt shall be, no murky cave,  
No storm-scarred heath, where black Despair would rave:

The foliage dell be ours,

The path bestrewn with flowers,

While the crescent moon besilvers with pale beam,  
The whispering waves of Ouse's sinuous stream;

While yon sweet bird of eve

With us delights to grieve,

We'll rove, till chilly dews of ebon night,  
Shall, envious, rise to damp our sad delight:

Silence, with tongue thought-bound,

Shall be our guide profound.

G. H.

## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VERSES by W. H. K-y are inadmissible.

"Poor Rose," by P. W. is received; and will, probably, be inserted.

"The British Tar" is designed for insertion, at the conclusion of "The Baronet."

Observer's letter, with the promised inclosure, came to hand too late for insertion in our present number,

The Miss Porters' lately published "Tales" have been received; of which we propose, in our next, to offer a particular notice.

"The Tie severed."—"The Feast of St. Deny's."—Letter on "Astrology."

"Anecdotes of Henry IV. of France"—"Scraps from my Album."—are received, and will be inserted.

The Publishers of the Ladies' Museum, offer a Prize of FIVE GUINEAS for the best Essay on "Marriage," to be delivered on or before the 1st of October. As the subject now proposed to the consideration of our Readers is one of great importance, and universal interest, it is requested that the Essays may be distinctly transcribed; and, with a view to a full discussion of the whole subject, not less than from ten to twelve printed pages in extent.





Madame Pastal.

Engraved by T. Woolnoth, from an Original Painting by Dubois.

Pub August 1<sup>st</sup> 1826 by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.